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No. 491

## QUESTIONING.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Under the grass, darling,  
Say, can you see  
How the blue violet  
Blows for the bee?  
Lying all wrapped in rest,  
Love, do you know  
How o'er your low, green bed  
Days come and go?  
When by your side is laid  
Those known of old,  
Then do you whisper  
To them thro' the mold?  
Can you know aught, dear,  
Of earth's good or ill  
Resting so peacefully  
Here on the hill?  
When by your side, darling,  
Touched with God's peace,  
Finding from sorrow  
An endless release,  
They lay me down, darling,  
Nestle blossoms or snows,  
Then through the dust, darling,  
Clasp my hand close.  
Clasp me, and whisper  
My name, as of old,  
And the warmth of the old love  
Will baffle the cold.  
Out of your grave, dear,  
Answer me this—  
Is the peace that came sweeter  
Than love's long, last kiss?

## Freelance,

### The Cavalier Corsair; OR, THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Nautical Romance of the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CRETAN ROVER," "MERLE,  
THE MUTINEER," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VII. WITHOUT MERCY.

The harbor into which the corsair had sought refuge, was one of the rendezvous of the piratical hordes that were found along the coast of Morocco at the time of which I write. It was strongly fortified, and from its well-protected haven, half a dozen vessels, large and small, were wont to sail forth to cruise against the commerce of the world, and though carrying the flag of the Moor, also floated above their deck the black ensign of the pirate, which certainly was more fit to represent their dark deeds. Over this stronghold and fleet El Rais Aboukah, or the Red Rais, held command, while he was also a chief of a mountain tribe of Moors known as the Amazergs, and a brave and warlike race of which his father had been sheik before him.

Twenty-five or six years before, an American girl, a captive, had been purchased by Sheik Aboukah, and the Red Rais was the offspring of this ill-matched union, though the old chief-tain had always treated his fair young wife with great courtesy and kindness. Contrary to the wish of his parents, the young Aboukah took to the sea, and his great courage soon placed him in command of a vessel, and won for him the respect and admiration of his sultan, who made him commodore of the stronghold and fleet.

Though a bold rover, and who had won the name of the Red Rais upon account of his many victories and battles, El Rais was wont to spend a few months of each year at his mountain home with his parents, until death took from him his mother, and his father dying soon after the young corsair became chief, or sheik of the Amazergs tribe, and from their brave ranks he formed the crew of his vessel, and his will was supreme.

Upon the arrival of the corsair craft at the harbor, Launcelot Grenville beheld the tall masts and high hull of the Reindeer lying at anchor near, and around her were numerous small boats carrying her cargo ashore.

Maud recognized, also, dark though it was, the well-known rig of her father's vessel, and the tears came to her eyes, and her heart was too full to speak.

"My friends, I must still claim you as my guests, but at my quarters ashore. Come!" and El Rais approached the spot where his captives stood, and motioned to a large boat alongside.

Without a word they entered it, and the keel soon after grated upon the beach, and El Rais placed Maud on shore, and telling Launcelot to follow, led the way up the steep hillside to his quarters when on land.

Maud gazed curiously around her as she entered the home of the Moor chieftain—a low-built, yet comfortable abode in the rude style of Moorish architecture, and furnished in a style that was not confined to any one land, for there was a mixture of the Oriental and European, to which many an unfortunate vessel had contributed.

Assigning Maud a pleasant room, he escorted Launcelot to another, and to their surprise they saw no guard placed over them; but then how hopeless the thought of escape in that land of the Moor.

The following morning El Rais sent for his captives, and then joined them at breakfast, for his mother's training, and experience with foreigners, had made of this strange man almost a European in taste and manners. Both of the captives noticed that the Rais seemed moody and that his brow was clouded, so they were not surprised when he said, in his quiet way:

"This morning we must part, my friends." Neither spoke in answer, and El Rais continued:

"A messenger from my mighty Sidi commands me to go at once on a cruise to head off a fleet of East Indian men, and I am ordered to forward my prisoners immediately under guard, to the capital."

Maud started, and her face grew livid; but Launcelot calmly asked:

"Have you many prisoners, El Rais?"



"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

"Some thirty besides yourselves, sir; but they are mostly cowardly dogs, and you could not get them to risk their lives in striking a blow for their freedom."

Launcelot Grenville's face flushed, for he saw that the Rais had read his intention.

"Besides," continued the corsair chief, "the sultan's messenger is accompanied, by his own guard under the kind of the slaves."

"Then there is no hope," groaned Maud Menken, in a broken voice.

"I must obey my sultan, lady; your escort will be ready to start within half an hour—farewell."

He held forth his hand, and Maud dropped upon her knees before him.

"Save me, oh, save me, for the sake of the mother you loved so well!"

His voice was cold and his face emotionless.

"The servant who acted as my maid served your mother in the same capacity. She speaks English, and she told me you were a great chief on land as well as on the sea, and that your tribe dwelt in the mountains, a few leagues from here. Certainly a man thus powerful can ask of his sultan two unfortunate captives; he will accede to your desire, and Captain Grenville and myself can then go free, for you have a noble heart in spite of the red name you bear."

Maud spoke with deepest feeling, and in a pleading tone, but the chief's face never relaxed a muscle; he would not grant her request, and said in his even tones:

"A captive of your beauty the sultan would never yield to me."

"But he has not seen me, sir," interrupted Maud.

"His messenger has, and so has the kind of the slaves; they saw you when we landed last night. I am sorry, but I cannot grant your request."

For an instant Maud was silent, and then she said:

"You can at least let this gentleman go free?"

"I offered him his freedom and he refused it. As much as I regret it, he must be sold into bondage."

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" groaned poor Maud; but Launcelot showed no sign of dreading his fate, though in his face dwelt deep sympathy for the maiden, while he inwardly cursed his inability to aid her.

For a moment Maud seemed utterly broken-hearted; but with a great effort she controlled herself, and with haughty face and flashing eyes turned upon the chief.

"I am ready, Sir Corsair; but I am not yet the toy of a cruel tyrant."

Both the chief and Launcelot Grenville were struck with admiration at the magnificent courage of the maiden, and she certainly never looked more beautiful in her life than she did at that moment, for her form was drawn up to its full height, a flush was upon either cheek, her lips curled with scorn, and yet resolute, while her wondrously expressive eyes flashed fire.

With a bow the chief left the room, and a few moments after a cavalcade drew up before the door, consisting of half a hundred Moorish cavalry, a score or more of miserable captives, mostly Spaniards, and among whom were several women, a gorgeously-uniformed Moor, who was the officer sent as the messenger of the sultan, and a huge negro, hideous in looks, and richly attired, whom the Rais addressed as the kind of the slaves.

A richly-appearing horse was ready for Maud, and a slave woman brought and threw around her a veil, which completely hid her form and face.

Then the kind of the slaves stepped forward and put out his arm to raise her to the saddle, but El Rais thrust him aside, and raising her in his arms, seated her securely, and placed the reins in her hands, the kind scowling upon him.

"And this dog of a Christian—bind him," and the kind turned to Launcelot, who was at once seized.

"Hold! that man rides with free arms and limbs. It is my wish that he is not bound," said El Rais, quietly.

"Upon your head be it, oh Rais," angrily replied the kind.

"Upon my head be it, dog of an accursed race," came the quick retort.

The kind dropped his hand upon the gemmed hilt of his sword, but he caught the flashing eye of the corsair chief, and turned away; but there was that in his look which betokened no good to Launcelot Grenville, should he give the slightest cause of offense.

A horse was then brought, and Launcelot mounting, the cavalcade moved away, the Rais lifting his silken turban to Maud, and waving a hand in farewell to his captives.

A ride of ten leagues, through a barren, rolling country, and the cavalcade came to a halt under the shadow of a low range of hills, and preparations were made for camping for the night, the captives all being considerably fatigued.

Several of the guards at once pitched a silken tent for Maud and the other female captives, and food was placed before them, while the male prisoners were allowed to shift for themselves.

Untrammelled by bonds, and his breast torn with sorrow for the fate of Maud, Launcelot Grenville walked a short distance away, but the watchful eye of the kind was upon him, and feeling how impossible it was to escape, he threw himself down to rest, in full sight of the encampment.

Gradually the sun went down and darkness was creeping over the earth, when out from a clump of date trees dashed a band of horsemen. Like the wind they swept around the camp, and loud and rapid rung out the rattle of musketry, as the guards of the kind fired upon them.

A moment only did the combat last, and then the attacking horsemen dashed away, while from their midst came a loud cry:

"Save me, oh, save me!"

It was the voice of Maud Menken, and Launcelot Grenville knew that she appealed to him for aid.

Instantly he sprang into the saddle of a loose steed, and dashed away; but a loud order was heard in the voice of the kind, a volley of musketry followed, and the flying horse, with almost a human cry, fell headlong to the earth, throwing his rider far over his head, where he lay like one dead.

## CHAPTER VIII. IN BONDAGE.

BENEATH the shelter of a few date trees, which grouped together above a spring of water, formed an oasis in the desert—an island of verdure surrounded by a sea of rolling sand and arid desolation—stood a man, gazing out over the wild waste of dreariness, with a far-away look that proved his thoughts had flown to other scenes than those by which he was surrounded.

He was a person of splendid physique, as his scant dress plainly showed; his hair and beard were long and dark, while his skin was tanned to the hue of copper.

Scattered among the trees, having just refreshed themselves at the cool water of the spring, were a number of camels, while flocks of hardy desert sheep cropped at the grass that grew around.

It was near the sunset hour, and like a huge ball of fire the God of Day was descending beyond the desert horizon, and altogether the scene was not unpicturesque, with the lonely man there amid the dumb brutes it was his duty to care for.

In that splendidly-formed man, in spite of the two long and cruel years of bondage he had undergone, in spite of his cruel sufferings and desert life, and notwithstanding his long and matted hair and beard, the reader cannot fail to recognize Launcelot Grenville.

Yes, Launcelot Grenville, the once proud, elegant man, now the slave of a Moor, the bondman of a cruel master, the keeper of desert flocks and camels, and in rags and loneliness, a pitiable object indeed.

But the fire in his eyes was not quenched, the fearless, resolute face was still the same, though marked by lines of physical suffering and men-

tal agony, heart-burnings and despair of hope on earth.

He had been taken to the Moorish capital, and had become the property of the kind of the slaves, who sold him to a sheik of the desert, and far away he was dragged by his master to his home in that wilderness of sand. Home! Alas his home was to drift with the wild tribe from place to place, to sleep upon the sands, to eat that which was thrown to him as to a dog, from the savage who held his life in his hand—to tend the four-footed wealth of the Moor who had paid his gold for him, and to brood over his sorrows, and hope on for a time when he could escape from thralldom.

Suddenly far off on the desert his quick eye caught sight of a moving object, and he bent his gaze upon it.

"It is a camel, but mine are all in the oasis," he said, indifferently, glancing over the herd.

Nearer and nearer the camel drew, until it was evident that there was a rider upon its back.

Upon making this discovery, the herdsman stopped off a few paces, and returned with a long musket, which he leaned against the tree at his side.

Another glance at the coming camel showed him that another animal of like species followed in the wake of the leader, but that this one had no rider.

At a long, swinging pace the two camels came on, heading directly for the oasis, and with their heads stretched far in front, with that eager expectancy shown by these "ships of the desert" when they know that water is near.

In half an hour after being discovered, and just as the sun touched the horizon, the camels ran into the oasis and buried their noses in the cool spring, while the rider sprang to the ground and advanced toward the herdsman, the palms of the hands turned toward him to indicate that he was friendly.

"Allah arienak," said the stranger, quietly, and then the herdsman bade him welcome.

"I seek the flocks of Abdallah Bourkhi," replied the new-comer.

"His herds are here; I am their tender."

The stranger gazed straight into the face of the speaker; and said, distinctly:

"Grenville!"

The herdsman started, and the blood rushed into his face, for that name he had not heard spoken for two long years, as his master called him Mezrah, which being interpreted means stranger.

Surely the man before him was a Moor, and yet, how could he know his name!

As he had learned to speak the language perfectly, during his years of bondage, Launcelot returned:

"Yes, I am Grenville; what would you?"

The Moor made no reply, but drew from his belt a small piece of paper and handed to the herdsman, who eagerly seized it, and beheld, written thereon, in a round hand, these words:

"Follow the bearer. His camels are the fleetest in the desert."

There was no signature, and the handwriting was not familiar to him; yet that the words were addressed to him there was no doubt, for the bearer of the note had pronounced his name.

"From where come you?" he asked. But here the man became non-committal, and pointed to the note, then to the camels, and then across the desert.

"I will go with you this night; no change can be for the worse, and what care I for danger?"

The Moor's face brightened, and going to his saddle, he untied a bundle attached to it and handed it to the herdsman, who eagerly opened it.

Within he found two serviceable pistols, a sword, and a suit of clothing, such as was worn by the Moorish merchants, together with a sum of gold, and like trinkets to serve as the "small change" of the desert, and presents for those to whom it might be necessary to give something in the course of his journeyings.

"God be with you."

Eagerly the white slave searched for another massive that might tell him more than he could find out from the one who had brought him hope, but nothing else was visible, and the Moor's mouth was sealed as to where he was going, or from whence he had come.

Having determined to go with the Moor, though he knew death would follow if overtaken by his master, he looked to the comfort of the camels, got together his store of dates, milked the camels, killed a sheep and made a stew of it, after which he invited his visitor to take supper with him, and a hearty meal the two ate, for Launcelot Grenville, with the hope of escape from his cruel captivity, felt his blood all afire, and really enjoyed his repast, humble as it was.

Then Launcelot set about preparing his package of food to carry with them; but the Moor told him he had come well-stocked with provisions, and had more than ample for both of them. Then the two lay down to rest.

An hour after midnight, Launcelot Grenville awoke, and arousing his companion, they made preparations for an immediate departure, and were soon mounted upon their swift camels and going at a fair pace over the desert.

As the day broke they discovered a party of three horsemen coming toward them, and at a glance the herdsman recognized his master, Abdallah Bourkhi, and his two brothers, who were returning from a trip to the coast.

At once he made known to his companion and guide who they were, but trusting to his disguise as a merchant, hoped to pass unrecognized by them.

With manifestations of friendship the two parties approached each other, Abdallah Bourkhi and his brothers mounted upon the swift, wiry steeds of the desert.

Not to betray himself the herdsman remained silent, and the Moor did the talking, telling lies about who they were, or rather were not, as glibly as though lying was his profession.

But all the time Abdallah was eying Launcelot closely, and as the parties separated the old sheik of the desert shook his head ominously.

Hardly had a mile divided them, when glancing back the Moor saw a camel with a rider on his back dash over a sand-hill and halt by the horsemen, at the same time pointing toward the fugitives.

"It is Neskak, the son of Abdallah," said Launcelot, calmly.

"Then let us put our camels to their speed," said the Moor.

"No, let us not drive them hard until there is need; if we are pursued now, I will fight them."

"Abdallah Bourkhi is a great sheik," the Moor suggested.

"I would kill the sultan did he stand between me and freedom," was the determined reply, and the Moor caressed his beard at the thought of any one offering harm to the great Sidi.

It was now evident that the camel-rider had gone to the oasis, and finding the herdsman not there, had started in pursuit, for he was gesticulating wildly, and the result was the four Moors turned on the track of the fugitives.

Launcelot quietly unsling the long musket he had brought with him, and placed his pistols ready for use, the Moor, who called himself Selim, following his example.

Like the wind the pursuers came on, and a stern resolve was on the face of Launcelot, for he remembered how cruel had been his treatment from the sheik and those with him, and for long months he had been nursing a hope of revenge upon them.

"Mezrah, son of an accursed race, stop at the command of thy master!" yelled Abdallah, when they came close enough to be heard.

"Sheik Abdallah, press me not, or I will kill you," cried Launcelot, in stern tones.

But the sheik feared not the slave who so long had been under his control, and, calling to his kinsmen to follow, he dashed on, a long pistol in his hand.

"I warn you off, Sheik Abdallah," said Launcelot, and he brought his musket round for use, and came to a halt.

The reply of the Moor was to fire at his slave. It was the last act of his life, for, as the bullet from his pistol whizzed above the head of Launcelot, the musket sprang to his shoulder, a report followed, and the Sheik Abdallah fell from his saddle, a dead man.

Instantly, with a pistol in each hand, Launcelot turned upon the others, crying to his companion:

"Shoot them down, or they will bring a hundred riders upon our track."

Selim at once obeyed; his musket flashed with the two pistols of Launcelot, and the weapons of their enemies.

But the aim of the horrified and demoralized brothers and son of Abdallah was bad, and neither of the fugitives was injured, while the dropping of their foes from their horses and camel proved that they had fired unerringly.

But the son of the sheik at once sprang to his feet, and, though wounded, threw himself on the back of his father's steed, and dashed away across the desert with the speed of a bird.

"Come, Selim; it were useless to attempt to catch him. Let us take their arms and away from here," cried Launcelot, and seizing the weapons and provisions of the dead Moors, the two men mounted their fleet camels, and at a steady, swinging gait, pressed on their way, for they well knew that Abdallah's whole tribe would be in pursuit within a few hours, when warned by the sheik's son of his father's death at the hands of his slave.

## CHAPTER IX. THE AMAZERG QUEEN.

WITHIN the heart of the range of mountains that run back from the coast, a few leagues in the interior of Morocco, dwell the Amazergs, the most warlike and intelligent of the Moorish tribes, and who, under a chief who inherits the title which descends from father to son, are the most feared of any of the wandering races of that strange land.

The retreats of the Amazergs were in the fastnesses of the wild range from which they take their name, and if other than one of their tribe ever entered their secluded homes, it was as a prisoner, for they had often, when in revolt against the sultans, beaten back the trained soldiers sent against them, and conquered their own terms with the haughty Sidi.

The best horsemen of Morocco, owning the best and fleetest herd of desert or mountain steeds, armed literally from head to foot, and of



splendid physical development, they were foes that few dared to meet, and were called both mountain lions and desert kings, for they were equally at home in scaling the lofty heights or lying across the sandy plains.

It is among this tribe that I would have my reader accompany me, and to the most pretentious of their mountain homes—a house almost modern in its build, surrounded by broad verandas, and furnished with an eye to every comfort and luxury—strange things indeed in that far region.

Half-reclining upon a silken divan out upon the cool veranda, and gazing listlessly far before her—a scene of mountain fastnesses, valleys, sparkling streams, tree-covered hills, a wide stretch of desert and the blue sea beyond—was a woman of surpassing loveliness, and scarcely over twenty-one or two.

Her form was exquisitely molded, and attired in the pretty costume worn by Moorish women, while the veil was thrown back over the silken turban.

A fortune in jewels was upon her person, a guitar lay at her side, a silver tray with fruit and coffee stood near, books were piled in confusion upon the floor, and all around indicated that she was a petted beauty, indulged in every whim.

And yet, though the face was beautiful, far back in the drooping eyes dwelt a look of deep sadness, as though the roses that strewed her path did not keep the thorns out of her heart, and a sigh that broke from her slightly-parted lips told that some sorrow had come upon her.

As she turned her eyes from her wistful gaze across the sea, they fell upon two horsemen ascending the hillside toward the house, and she half-sprung from the divan as she appeared to recognize one of them.

"It is Selim—yes; but the other—no, it cannot be, and yet it may be, for it has been long since I saw him. Yes, it is, it is none other! That form I can never forget," and she arose to her feet, just as the horsemen halted near and sprung to the ground, while one of them advanced quickly, gazing intently into the face of the woman.

"Captain Grenville! Free at last! Thank Heaven!" and the woman held out both hands to greet the man who advanced toward her and sprung upon the piazza.

"Maud Menken! You then are my preserver! I have guessed it," and Launcelot Grenville bent low and kissed the hand that grasped his own.

"I saved you, yes. Would to God I could have done so long ago, but," and the beautiful face flashed crimson, "I am no longer the Maud Menken you knew, Captain Grenville, for I am the wife of—"

"The Red Rais!" broke in Launcelot.

"Yes; we were married one year ago by a Spanish priest, captured on one of the prizes taken by our husband, and Maud gazed intently into the face of the man before her, as though hoping to see it clouded with sorrow; but no change crossed the countenance of Launcelot Grenville at the news he heard, and he said, quietly:

"Tell me more of yourself; but first, let me congratulate you upon your escape from the harem of the sultan."

"Thank Heaven I escaped that dishonor! Nay, I would have died by my own hand, when hope had entirely left me; but El Rais is at heart a noble man, and that he truly loves me, I know, for he has proven it."

"Unable to save me, openly, from the fate for which I was intended, he arranged that his mountain horsemen should kill me that night when we camped, and I was brought hither."

"The Sidi turned at the loss of a victim, of course, but it was said the desert robbers had stolen me, and he attached no blame to El Rais, who kept it a deep secret that I was here."

"You, it was said, were killed in the attack upon the camp, and bitterly I mourned for you, and so did El Rais, for it was his intention to have purchased you, and in the end to give you your freedom."

"A week after my coming here, El Rais arrived, and frankly told me of his love for me, begging me to become his wife."

"I asked for a year to consider, told him that I was cast down in grief for the death of my father and myself, and he gladly gave me the promise that I should go free at the end of that time, if I did not then love him."

"But, during those twelve months he proved himself so noble, and in so many little ways showed his true manhood, that from admiration, my regard turned to respect and love, and he yielded to my wish to have a private marriage, and one year I have been his wife and the Queen of the Amazons, and though I am not happy in this land of the Moors, I am at least at peace."

"I believe that you have acted wisely, Maud, and I hope every happiness may ever attend you. I will never forget that you saved me from a fate more cruel than death," and Launcelot Grenville shuddered at the thought of his long captivity.

"Let me tell you about that; a few months ago El Rais was called to see the sultan, and while in the city learned in some way that you had not been killed, as we believed, but were sold into slavery to a sheik of the desert, Abdallah Bourkhi, and I immediately determined to send a trusty messenger to seek you, and find you, and you know not how happy I am that you are once more free. How you must have suffered, you only can tell."

"It seems like a long, horrible dream to me now; but, God forever bless you, fair Queen of the Amazons, for saving me from the hideous nightmare. But the Rais—where is he?"

"He returns to-night, and will be delighted to see you, for he has spoken of making you, should Selim return successful from his search."

"But, Sidi, said, his messenger told me that the sultan had built for him, and which he does not intend to command, as he will leave the sea, and dwell here among his people."

"I am homeless and hopeless, fair queen, but I do not think I could accept the offer."

"You could do much good by so doing, as Mesurah Rais, the man whom the Sidi has appointed to command her in place of El Rais, is a monster inhuman, and woe be to the poor captives whom he takes!"

Launcelot Grenville seemed deeply moved by the words of the Amazon queen. She had become a Moor by adoption; why should he not, especially when it was in his power to do much good as an officer?

"A corsair he must be, it was true, and yet he was becoming reckless as to what he did of him, and he said, after an instant's deliberation: "If El Rais makes me *Bash Soto Rais*, I will accept it, come what may, for I am but the foot-ball of Fate."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 489.)

## A Day at Miller's Bayou.

A Fishing Trip in Louisiana.

BY COL. DELLIE SARA.

ABUNDANTLY rich in piscatorial treasures is the fair Southern land, and its waters rather, to "speak by the card," and about two years ago, the writer, in company with two chums, made quite an extensive tour of the South, going down by way of the Atlantic Coast Line to New Orleans, and then by steamers up the river to Cairo, stopping at certain points on the way to enjoy the sport common to the locality.

We had stayed for a week in Mobile enjoying the pleasures of that pleasant city, and then had taken the New Orleans train, one bright Sunday morning, with intent to lay over for a day at Miller's Bayou, on Lake Catherine, quite near to the Crescent City, there to try the famous fishing-grounds so dear to the hearts of the gentlemen of "Orleans."

\* Lieutenant-in-chief, and other officers of the

There were three of us, inseparable companions for some years when the sports of food and field were to be enjoyed—the major, the doctor and myself.

Through the kindness of the conductor of the train, whose acquaintance I had made at the hotel, I was introduced to the engineer, the commander-in-chief of the mighty monster which was to transport us safely and almost with the speed of the wind to our destination.

"Take the colonel in the 'cab' and give him a chance to shoot an alligator or two on the way," the conductor suggested.

Eagerly I accepted the invitation, and when the train "pulled" out for New Orleans I had a "reserved seat" on the engine.

As the engineer explained to me as we rode along, the Mobile, New Orleans and Texas road—to give it its full title—runs all the way from Mobile to New Orleans through a low, flat country, as level as one's hand, and nine-tenths of the way nothing but a marsh.

The road-bed is slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, and the graders in building the road excavated a wide trench on each side of it, and this being filled by stagnant water afforded a secure lurking-place for the alligators.

The railroad track being but little used, the monsters are fond of crawling up on it for the purpose of basking in the sun, and on the approach of the trains the sluggish reptiles, disturbed in their slumber, plunge into the ditch.

"All you can see of them is a bit of their head, and as to shooting them from the train, why, you can shoot all you like, but I would be willing to agree to give a hundred dollars apiece for all you kill," the engineer said.

And experience proved that he was perfectly correct; the bullets rattled off the heads of the reptiles like so many pebbles, and when at Passaic I joined my companions in the car, I had to stand quite a number of jokes in regard to the alligators that my unerring aim had slain.

In due time we arrived at Miller's Bayou and disembarked.

An extremely primitive settlement is Miller's—about three houses on a shell island on the prairie, near the shores of Lake Catherine.

"We'll have to rough it now," the major remarked, while the doctor, who is blessed by nature with a goodly amount of flesh and an appetite to match, heaved a sigh, for after a week's sojourn at the Battle House, Mobile's best hotel, the fisherman's shanty did not seem to promise anything but scanty fare.

But the doctor had not experienced the hospitality of Southern hospitality, and he was destined to be agreeably disappointed.

The supper was excellent—a brace of ducks roasted; a chowder-like mess of stewed fish; fresh venison steaks broiled, and, oh! so different to the tasteless trash that is served up to the benighted inhabitants of the big cities, and which a true woodman would cast in contempt to his dogs; sweet potatoes, corn bread and a good cup of strong coffee; why, it was a supper fit for Jove himself!

The bunks, too, were clean and comfortable, and altogether we unanimously voted that Miller's Bayou's "hotel" was a trifle ahead of anything in the hotel line that we had ever come across in our travels.

"Tom," the guide, was to go with us in the morning, and we were confidently assured that what Tom didn't know about Lake Catherine and the lagoons adjacent wasn't worth knowing.

"Ducks or fish?" asked Tom.

"Fish to-morrow," I replied, acting as spokesman for the others.

"What can we get?" inquired the doctor.

The doctor was the "boss" angler of our crowd.

"Red-fish, sheephead, green trout and a few bass, maybe," the guide answered.

"Red-fish?" queried the major; "that is the same I presume as red snapper?"

"Oh, no," replied the guide, "a different fish altogether."

"And I judge that the fish you call green trout is in reality no relation whatever to the true trout of the Northern waters," the doctor observed.

"So, I heard gentlemen say oftens," Tom replied, "but I ain't learned 'bout such things. I've allers heard 'em called green trout ever since I knew what a fish was."

"It is probably what is called a weak-fish at the North," I observed, eager to contribute my share to the discussion. "The weak-fish after you get south of the Chesapeake is generally called a trout, although in reality he has not the slightest right to the name. I have caught him in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, as a green trout, and in deep-sea fishing off the mouth of the Savannah river as the sea trout."

"To-morrow!" I tell the story," suggested the doctor, and then we all turned in for the night.

Bright and early with the breaking of the dawn we were roused from our bunks, and having made a substantial breakfast on fried fish and the remains of the roasted ducks, we sallied forth.

The sun was just rising, and the blue waters of the bayou as blue as the sky above, were gently rippled by the fresh morning breeze.

The pirogue was in waiting, and the moment the doctor's eyes fell upon this frail craft, he shook his head, dubiously.

The pirogue is the drift-out of the Southern waters, an extremely frail, uncertain sort of a craft it is, too.

"Gentlemen, really I am somewhat reluctant to trust my rather portly form in this peculiar boat," he protested.

But, as Tom so strongly protested that there wasn't any danger, the doctor was finally persuaded to embark.

The guide took us at once to a favorite spot for red-fish, "right on the edge of the channel," as he explained; then we and our hooks with the shrimp bait went overboard.

The major was the first man to be favored by fortune. He felt a vigorous tug at his line. With a single turn of the wrist he fixed the hook in the jaws of the "devil of the deep," and proceeded to bag his prey.

Up over the side of the boat came a good-sized weak-fish.

"That's a green trout," said our guide.

By this time I had had a vigorous bite, hooked my prize, and a whooper he has, his struggles proved anything but a picnic to the backbone, for he made a most desperate fight for his liberty; but both line and hook held, and finally I drew over the side of the dug-out as nice a four-pound striped bass as any man would wish to see.

"I'll be hanged if I understand why I don't get anything!" the doctor exclaimed, in disgust.

And, in truth, it was strange, for, in a minute or two more, the major secured a couple of fine fish; then I got a two-pound sheephead, and Tom three splendid red-fish in rapid succession; still no bite agitated the doctor's line. It was very odd, for generally he was the champion angler of our party.

"He began to get angered, but he kept a 'stiff upper lip,' and bantered us by saying that he wasn't after little two or three pound fishes, but when he fished he caught big ones, he did!"

Many a true word is spoken in jest, for hardly had he finished the speech when a most tremendous bite almost jerked the line from his hand, and, forgetting entirely the cranky nature of the pirogue, he sprang to his feet, and, in a second, over went the boat, and fish, tackle, and we humans were all sprawling in the rather chilly waters. Neither the doctor nor the major could swim a stroke, but they clung to the boat, while Tom and myself guided it to the shore, which luckily was not far off.

This finished our day's fishing, for the doctor declared emphatically that nothing would ever induce him to risk his life in such a miserable boat again, and the major remarked dryly that if the doctor went he certainly should not.

But it was glorious sport, while it lasted, and never again will I take rod in hand without thinking of that day's enjoyment on Miller's Bayou.

## BEAUTY THAT WILL NOT FADE.

BY JOSIE C. MALOTT.

Maud has flashing black eyes, And a haughty air, And cheeks the hue of roses, And braids of jetty hair.

She reigns a belle and beauty, This fashion holds its sway, And always at ball or party Is witty and gay.

The praise and adulation Her grace and style command Have made her vain and selfish— None more so in the land.

At home she sulks and worries And mopes through all the day, And reads the latest novel In a listless way.

And royally she queens it Over the common herd, But for their grief and trouble She has no kindly word.

She does not waste her pity On those who earn their bread, And the hungry and the needy She has not clothed or fed;

And how her sister Nellie Can spend her time and means In tending on the poor and sick And such horrid scenes.

Is past her comprehension, This favored child of wealth, Who never came in contact, With trouble or ill health.

Papa calls Nellie "Sunbeam," And loves her best of all; Perhaps her face resembles One hanging on the wall—

A little country maiden, Who shared his hearth and home Just ten short years, then went to live Where sorrow cannot come.

And Nellie bears her mother's name, And has her quiet ways, And brightens up the grand old home Through dark and dreary days.

Maud's beauty will not always last— Time robs the face and form. The beauty of the soul lives on Through sunshine and through storm.

## The Pink of the Pacific;

OR,

### The Adventures of a Stowaway.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LANDLADY OF THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

CAPTAIN BODFIELD was instructed not to mention on board of the Belle of the Bay the astonishing event which had just come to his knowledge, and of the justice might be defeated if Mr. Dunwood were informed that his ill-gotten fortune was in danger of slipping out of his possession.

"I am almost sorry I told him," said the commander, musing, after the captain of the Belle had departed.

"He won't say a word about the matter to Mr. Dunwood," replied Pink. "He liked his position on board of the brig very much at first; but since he has found out what sort of a man the owner is, I know he would like to get out of her."

"But my mission in Koti is accomplished; and I have no further business here," continued Captain Fairfield. "I told the rajah last night that I must soon return to my own country. We must get ready to leave the yacht in a few days, for I do not care to lose sight of John Dunwood for any great length of time."

At this moment an officer was shown into the room, who proved to be a messenger from the rajah, requiring the immediate attendance of the captain at the palace. The officer in which Pink and his father had come up the river was made ready, and they embarked. On their arrival at the palace, Captain Fairfield presented his son, and Pink was taken by the hand as though he had been a prince. The soldiers of the rajah had fought another battle that forenoon with the invaders; and the rajah of Djama had sent a commission to sue for peace, fearful that the victorious chiefs would invade his own dominion.

The soldiers of the commander were desired for the rajah of Koti was disposed to enter the territory of his great enemy, and chastise him for his ambition.

But the commander of the forces counseled peace, as he had always done before. He was appointed to the command of the forces, and before the day was ended, a treaty had been agreed to which bound the two rajahs together in a defensive league; and certain high chiefs of the rajah were to reside in Koti for a year, as hostages for the good faith of the commander.

The captured prizes were to be returned, but an indemnity in gold was to be paid to the victor. One-half this amount the rajah presented to Captain Fairfield for his valuable services.

When all this business was accomplished, and the hostages from Djama had arrived, the commander consented to the departure of the commander. Orders were given to put the Annie, which was the name of the commander's yacht, in condition for a voyage. As the captain had said, the Dyaks were no sailors for regular sea service, but had been trained so that they could work the vessel with tolerable facility, and they were set at work on board of her. The captain only intended to employ them to take the vessel to Manila, where he could ship a crew of Europeans for the long voyage.

All over the territory of the rajah, the people were having a week of festivities in honor of the victorious peace. On the night before the Annie was to sail for Manila, the commander, attended by Pink, was present at one of the feasts given up the river. It was at a considerable village, and the party went up in a pirogue. The houses were all built on posts, from six to twenty feet above the ground. They were as close together as in a large city, and in front of each house was a veranda, which seemed to be common to all the people. On this platform all the inhabitants and their guests were collected. The commander was received with all the honors and treated with the utmost respect. Pink saw that some of the young chiefs whom he had met on the coast were present; and they were very polite to him, after their fashion.

There were about as many young women present as men; and Pink thought the country must have been scourred to obtain so many good-looking girls. They were not extensively clothed, the entire wardrobe consisting of only a sort of tunic, reaching from the waist down to the knees. They wore a cap shaped like a fez; and some of them had necklaces and other ornaments about their necks. They were of full life and animation as the same number of girls at home. They brought in the repast, consisting mainly of fruits. Each of the young beauties seemed to have one of the young chiefs in charge, and gave him all he wanted to eat and drink, especially to drink. The feast was a most delicious one, of which Pink had some previous knowledge.

If the girls brought it to the young men in jars; and they were at all backward in taking the cup the ladies laughed at them and ridiculed them in the most unmerciful manner. One of the fair maidens attended to the wants of Pink; and he ate abundantly of the fare brought to him. Of course he could not talk with the lady, though his father acted as interpreter for him part of the time. Then his attendant brought him a jar of milk, and when he shook his head and declined to touch it, she made all manner of gestures at him, pointing at him with a hiss, laughing violently at his refusal. Then she placed the cup at his lips, and tried to coax him to drink.

"I advise you not to drink much of that stuff," said his father.

"I don't mean to take any of it. I drank some of it on board of a Malay prau; and that was enough to last me as long as I live," replied Pink.

The blandishments of the maiden were in vain, and Pink refused even to taste of the milk. It would have been better for the young warriors if they had done the same; but they could not resist the persuasions and ridicule of the sirens. One after another they tumbled over backward, blind drunk and insensible; whereas the fair attendants laughed as though they had perpetrated a most stupendous joke. But the Dyaks are generally very temperate, and never get drunk unless enticed to intoxication by the females.

At one side of the platform were some older chiefs, who prided themselves upon their strong heads. They drank all that was brought to them, and though they were rather boozey, they were able to hold their heads up to the end. There was no quarrelling at the feast, in spite of the quantity of milk consumed, for the young men were too drunk and the old ones too dignified to fight. At midnight the commander and his son went on board of the pirogue and returned to their home.

The next morning Pink went on board of the Annie. She was a schooner of a hundred and sixty tons; and her owner said she had taken the first prize every time she had sailed in a regatta before he purchased her. She was fitted up with every convenience and luxury which the voyager can have on shipboard. She had six large state-rooms, besides a dozen berths in her cabin. Her sails, which had been hoisted while she was laid up, were in excellent condition, and had been bent under the direction of Captain Fairfield. Pink thought she was fully equal to the Belle of the Bay; and her owner was sure she would outlast the brig in the long run.

The fore and main-sails were hoisted, and with the captain at the helm, the schooner stood down the river. A long stop had to be made at the town while the commander of the forces took leave of the rajah and his officers, but before night the vessel was out of the river, and standing up the Strait. At the end of the fifth day she went into the harbor of Manila. The Belle of the Bay was at anchor there; but the pilot said the family had gone on an excursion to the interior of the island.

"I had hoped they would have left before we got here," said Captain Fairfield. "As it is, I am glad they are not in town; and you must not be seen by any one that belongs to the brig."

"Except Captain Bodfield," suggested Pink. "If we could see him alone, it would do no harm; but he is likely to have some of his people with him if he comes on board of the Annie," replied the captain. "As we fly the American flag, it is very likely he will pay us a visit. If he does, you must keep out of sight."

The next morning they heard of a brig that was bound down the coast of Borneo; and looking her up, a barger was made to convey the Dyak crew back to their homes. The next thing was to obtain a suitable crew for the yacht, and for this purpose the captain went on shore, taking Pink with him. The boy had no clothes but those he wore, and the first care of his father was to supply him with these in this direction. When he was dressed in a new suit, it would have been hard for his late shipmates in the brig to recognize him.

Pink hardly knew himself in his new suit, as he surveyed his form in the mirror. A plentiful supply of clothing was purchased for him, and packed in a trunk, a piece of furniture for which the wife had never before had any use.

"As we have no cook or steward on board of the Annie, we must board at a hotel," said Captain Fairfield, when he had completed his business. "Which is the best hotel in the city?" he asked of the merchant.

"The Imperial Crown; it is kept by an Englishman. It is not twenty steps from here," replied the shopkeeper.

Father and son walked to the Imperial Crown, and received a hearty welcome from the landlady. A dinner was ordered, and the captain read the English papers till it was ready. Pink wandered about the establishment; and every time he saw the landlady, he stopped to study her features. He thought he had seen her before, but he was not sure. He went out into the street to read the sign. Under the title of the hotel, was the name, "Frederick McIntosh."

It was all plain enough to him now; the landlady had kept a hotel in Sydney, and the circles people had boarded at his house. But the young athlete had grown six inches since he was in the circus, and in his altered dress the man did not recognize him.

Pink hastened to tell his father of the discovery he had made; but the captain did not regard it as of any importance. While they were talking about it, they were called to dinner. They were waited upon by Chinese servants; but a woman who appeared to be the landlady came in to see that everything was properly done. Pink had seen her also in Sydney; but she did not know him now.

"What is the matter, father?" asked Pink, as Captain Fairfield put his head almost down to his plate, and seemed to be acting very strangely.

"No, my son; don't notice me now," replied the captain, in a low tone.

In a few minutes the landlady left the room.

"That woman is Sally Burp, who was your nurse, Eliot," said Captain Fairfield.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN BODFIELD'S OPERATIONS.

THE landlady of the Imperial Crown did not return to the dining-room while Captain Fairfield and his son remained there. The bill was paid, for the captain was not willing to remain any longer; and they left the place. He was afraid they would recognize him or Pink; and this might interfere with his plans. They found a Spanish hotel, or posada, in another part of the city, where it was more prudent for them to remain. The first person they saw when they entered was Captain Bodfield, reading a newspaper in the corner. So completely was Pink changed that his old friend did not notice him till his father spoke to him. The captain of the Belle of the Bay was delighted to see them, and he almost hugged the wait when he recognized him in his "long legs."

The events which had occurred since they parted were discussed. The Dunwoods had been gone three days, and were to be absent a week longer. Captain Bodfield declared that he was tired of doing nothing, and he should be glad to get to sea again.

"But things are working badly on board of the brig, Pink," he added; "and I wish I was out of her."

"How is that?" asked Pink.

"Why, that boy is the most intolerable nuisance that ever went unbugged!" exclaimed the captain of the Belle. "I have been in a row with him ever since we left you at that town."

"Is he any worse than he has always been?" "Perhaps not; but I never knew when they till he began to pick upon you. I find that the entire crew have been imposed upon, and treated like dogs by him, and by the father for his son's sake. In fact, the ship's company are almost in a state of mutiny. I am not sure that half of them won't desert before we are ready to leave Manila."

"I didn't suppose it was so bad as that," added Pink.

"Chinks told me all about it the other day; and says the men have been tormented ever since the brig sailed from Baltimore, six months ago. I have come to believe that sailors will bear downright abuse better than this sort of treatment. Tom has never forgiven the men for laughing when you tipped him over on deck that day. He pitched into them as soon as we were clear of the shore, and ordered the cook not to give them any dinner or supper. I remonstrated with his father; but he was afraid the young rascal would jump overboard if he crossed him; so the men fasted from breakfast one day till the same meal the next day. This made the crew so mad that they have been contriving all sorts of ways to annoy him. They have ducked him, tripped him up with ropes,

put tar in his deck-chair, and many other tricks have been played off on him."

"What does he do about it?" asked Pink, who sympathized with the sailors.

"It took his father and mother both to get him out of his deck chair; and he and his father went to work to find out who put the tar on the seat. No one knew who did it; and Tom threatened to have the whole crew flogged if they didn't tell who did it. The lady's maid said Monks was the man that did it, for she had seen him with a tar-pot in his hand near the chair. Very likely it was Monks; I don't know who it was. Tom ordered the second mate to lay hands on this man, and tie him to the mainmast. Sanders made a feint of doing what he was told, but the rest of the crew huddled around the man, and would not allow him to be tied up. This was the day before the brig arrived here, and the case is not settled yet, though Tom declares that Monks shall be flogged for what he did. I think if the crew could get home readily, they would leave the brig in a body. I am as much dissatisfied as the men, for that boy commands the vessel, and interferes with my duties almost every hour in the day."

"Then I think I did the right thing when I left the brig," said Pink, laughing.

"I am sorry I did not leave with you. But how did you come to Manila, Captain Fairfield?" asked Captain Bodfield.

"We came in my yacht; and I think I put the idea of cruising in a yacht into Dunwood's head. I told him if I was ever able to do so, I intended to sail these waters in a pleasure craft; and I gave him all the details of the plan, which he seems to have carried out, as I have myself. Won't you go on board of the Annie?"

"The captain accepted the invitation; and taking a boat on the Pasig river, they were soon on board of the schooner. Captain Bodfield examined the yacht with a critical eye, and was literal of his praise.

"But where is your crew?" he asked, when he had completed his examination.

"We have no crew yet; I shall ship one here as soon as possible," replied Captain Fairfield. "There are plenty of men to be had in Manila. A Spanish vessel brought in the crew of an English ship, which was wrecked on the coast of New Guinea; and they are all waiting for a passage home. Very likely every one of them would be glad to ship to New York, or any other American port."

"I suppose I can find them by applying to the British consul," added Captain Fairfield.

"I am somewhat acquainted in Manila, and if you desire it, I will ship a crew for you," suggested the captain of the Belle. The offer was promptly accepted.

"How many men do you want?"

"Two mates, for I don't care to keep a watch myself, twelve seamen, a cook and steward."

"All right; they shall be on board in



## A WEARY WHILE.

BY ARBIE C. McKEEVER.

A weary while, a weary while,  
Oh pitiless, cruel sea,  
And only the waves to kiss my feet  
And sorrow bring to me.

Oh, laughing waves! oh, mocking waves!  
With your voices low and sweet,  
I have heard your stories o'er and o'er,  
Then why the tale repeat—

"The ship is lost! the ship is lost!"  
I catch the low refrain;  
The sky grows dark, the waves are black,  
And the day is full of pain.

A sail! A sail! I see afar,  
And hope creeps up on me;  
The sky is bright, the day is fair,  
And the waves of the sea are blue.

'Tis Robin's ship! I am faint with joy;  
I can only sit and weep!  
"The ship is safe! The ship is safe!"  
The waves sing at my feet!

## Iron Wrist,

The Swordmaster of Copenhagen.

A TALE OF COURT AND CAMP.

BY COL. THOMAS HOYER MONSTERY,  
CHAMPION-AT-ARMS OF NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE TWO SWORDMASTERS.

When Olaf, the swordmaster, arrived in Postavly, he found that the route led through the center of the little town, the post-house being in the market-place; and Ivan Dembinski evinced great fear as they entered the square, at seeing an officer with a squad of Cossacks, sitting on horseback in front of the station.

"We are lost!" he ejaculated. "They have orders to arrest us."

"One is never lost so long as he breathes," responded Iron Wrist, sententiously.

Then they drove up to the station.

"Horses, quick, for the service of his imperial majesty," he gave dispatches for the Grand Duke Constantine and must overtake him," cried Olaf.

"Not so fast," was the response of the Cossack officer, in a tone of irony. "Fine feathers do not make a captain if he lacks a commission. Who are you, my young friend?"

The officer was a large, portly man with a big red mustache, and he was evidently disposed to look with contempt on the boyish face of Olaf.

"I am Colonel Count Olaf Svensen of Copenhagen," returned our hero, proudly, giving for the first time his surname. "I am swordmaster general to the czar of all the Russias, and acting under his majesty's orders. Behold my instructions."

And he drew forth the embossed parchment given him by Nicholas, and displayed it before the eyes of the Cossack.

To his surprise the other only laughed scornfully.

"Have heard of you for an impostor," he said. "The police telegraph has sent your description. You stole that paper, and the real Count Olaf is still in St. Petersburg."

In a moment Olaf had leaped to the ground and came up to the Cossack officer.

"Do you deny I am Count Olaf?" he asked, with his peculiar smile.

"I know you are not. You are merely an impostor."

"Indeed?" replied the Dane, with a still more polite smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Solitoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

With an angry laugh the big officer swung himself to the ground and faced Olaf.

"Fool!" he cried, "do you know that I am Demetri Solitoff, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk (regiment)."

"So much the better," answered Olaf, with the same engaging smile. "I should be ashamed to fight an amateur, but as you are a professional it is all right. Be pleased to draw, Lieutenant Solitoff, and I will show you that I am swordmaster-general and that you are a bungler."

The other Cossacks looked on in wonder. The brilliant uniform of Olaf impressed them with a sense of uncertainty as to his status, even after the words of their own commander, and they were too fond of a fight to interfere, even in the market-place, before the two officers.

Lieutenant Solitoff immediately drew his saber. He honestly believed the truth of Stroganoff's wily message, which indeed was well calculated to veil the true state of affairs and secure Olaf's arrest.

The chief of police was constantly trying new plans, and the nearer he came to the Grand Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the inflammable state of the country, any revelation of an attempt to arrest a bona fide follower of Constantine would have been the signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Stroganoff's plans. Still Solitoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized the moment that Olaf drew his saber, that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him.

"If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?"

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack, cautiously.

Instantly Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Solitoff made a furious blow at the Dane's left shoulder.

In a moment it was parried, and with a quick turn of the wrist Olaf laid the other's right cheek open.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprung back, and then made a desperate thrust in Olaf's breast.

Bang! Clash!

With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow, slanting up, sent it flying over the heads of several Cossacks.

"Well, Solitoff, am I an impostor?" he asked, fiercely, for the clash of swords always put up the Dane's blood.

The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor; he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer. "I apologize."

With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handkerchief and wiped from his blade a few drops of blood.

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying my orders. You are a soldier and understand these things."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sooner did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Hastily stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his handkerchief against it, without trying to bind it up, he began to hector the postmaster for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand, he was also supplied with a saddle-horse, and it was just as they were all ready for departure that Count Stroganoff drove up and electrified every one by his imperious order to "Arrest that man, in the name of the czar."

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister.

Lieutenant Solitoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under orders from his majesty—"

"Fool," interrupted Stroganoff, angrily, "do you not know me?"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count."

"Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you his man is impostor, and the woman is nothing more than a decoy."

"Stop!" suddenly shouted Olaf, riding up to the side of the tarantass. "One word against the lady, and I will chastise you in public."

As he spoke, he glared at Stroganoff in his own peculiar fashion when he chose—a look that had caused brave men to shrink before that.

The minister of police turned paler than ever, but commanded his emotions.

"I call on all here to help me arrest this man for treason to the czar," he cried, appealing to the bystanders.

"Whip up, Nicolai! I will follow," answered Olaf, cutting short the colloquy. "Let a man offer to stop you, and he disobeys the order of the czar."

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass with the Princess Natalie rolled away, while Olaf drew his sword and reined up before the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Solitoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks. Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cossack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me to the police. Let this Stroganoff arrest me if he dares. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for the lieutenant saluted.

"Do you take the responsibility, colonel?"

"I do, sir. Be off."

Instantly the officer of Cossacks wheeled his horse and rode off to the barracks followed by his men, leaving Stroganoff in the market-place, pale with rage.

Olaf rode up to the tarantass, shook his sword at the minister and said, fiercely:

"Now, sir, follow me if you dare."

Then he sheathed his sword, wheeled round and galloped away after his party.

Stroganoff, left to himself for a moment, sunk back on his pillows, pale with conflicting emotions. He had failed again.

But the minister of police was not quite beaten on yet, and he was not about to give up.

"Put in fresh horses," he commanded.

Then he added, in a loud, bitter tone, so as to be heard by all the idlers who had congregated round them to stare:

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The chief of police was constantly trying new plans, and the nearer he came to the Grand Duke Constantine, the greater became the danger if he revealed the truth. In the inflammable state of the country, any revelation of an attempt to arrest a bona fide follower of Constantine would have been the signal for a disturbance and the probable defeat of Stroganoff's plans. Still Solitoff, however honestly he believed the message, was a good swordsman, and he realized the moment that Olaf drew his saber, that he had no common adversary.

Instead of rushing on, he stood on the defensive. Olaf laughed at him and began to taunt him.

"If I am an impostor, why do you not advance, swordmaster of the Twenty-seventh Pulk?"

"If you are the swordmaster-general, it is your place to attack," answered the Cossack, cautiously.

Instantly Olaf stamped his foot and advanced on the Cossack making a circular feint and throwing himself open, to tempt the other to cut.

The bait took, for Solitoff made a furious blow at the Dane's left shoulder.

In a moment it was parried, and with a quick turn of the wrist Olaf laid the other's right cheek open.

It was a light slash, but it angered the Cossack to see his own blood drawn so easily.

With an angry curse he sprung back, and then made a desperate thrust in Olaf's breast.

Bang! Clash!

With a sharp downward blow Olaf struck the saber almost to the earth, and with a second blow, slanting up, sent it flying over the heads of several Cossacks.

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The Cossack looked completely crestfallen.

"My lord is no impostor; he is fit to be swordmaster to the czar," was his answer. "I apologize."

With a grim smile Olaf drew out his handkerchief and wiped from his blade a few drops of blood.

"Then I trust to you to see that we do not want for horses," was his comment. "This lady is a dear friend of the Grand Duke Constantine and I am escorting her to him, besides obeying my orders. You are a soldier and understand these things."

The Cossack was perfectly transformed. No sooner did he find that he was in the presence of a real master, than he became eager to do him every possible service; for he adored the members of his own craft in exact proportion to their superiority to himself.

Hastily stanching the blood from his cheek by holding his handkerchief against it, without trying to bind it up, he began to hector the postmaster for his delays, and in a few minutes had a fresh change of horses out, with an additional span to lead behind.

At Olaf's demand, he was also supplied with a saddle-horse, and it was just as they were all ready for departure that Count Stroganoff drove up and electrified every one by his imperious order to "Arrest that man, in the name of the czar."

Here was a fresh quandary. Ivan Dembinski, who had just begun to breathe again, turned pale as he recognized the minister.

Lieutenant Solitoff was honestly puzzled. He did not know what to do. He recognized the minister of police, but he had gone too far in Olaf's favor to recede at once.

"Why, count," he said, in a deprecatory tone, "this is the colonel swordmaster-general, under orders from his majesty—"

"Fool," interrupted Stroganoff, angrily, "do you not know me?"

"Certainly, count, but—"

"Do you know this, then?" asked the minister, producing his parchment. "Here is an order, filled in by the emperor's own hand, commanding all persons to obey my orders. Arrest that man!"

The lieutenant looked still more puzzled. He recognized the new order, but he also had seen the old one.

"But this gentleman has an order, too, count."

"Stolen from its proper possessor, Count Olaf. I tell you his man is impostor, and the woman is nothing more than a decoy."

"Stop!" suddenly shouted Olaf, riding up to the side of the tarantass. "One word against the lady, and I will chastise you in public."

As he spoke, he glared at Stroganoff in his own peculiar fashion when he chose—a look that had caused brave men to shrink before that.

The minister of police turned paler than ever, but commanded his emotions.

"I call on all here to help me arrest this man for treason to the czar," he cried, appealing to the bystanders.

"Whip up, Nicolai! I will follow," answered Olaf, cutting short the colloquy. "Let a man offer to stop you, and he disobeys the order of the czar."

The stolid Nicolai instantly obeyed, and the tarantass with the Princess Natalie rolled away, while Olaf drew his sword and reined up before the minister's carriage.

"Lieutenant Solitoff," he shouted, "as swordmaster-general, and your superior officer, I order you to take your men back to the barracks. Do you belong to the army or the police?"

"To the army, colonel," responded the Cossack, promptly.

"And are you going to obey my orders or those of this gasconading police minister?"

"I swear, colonel, I don't know what to do."

"Then take your men back and leave me to the police. Let this Stroganoff arrest me if he dares. You hear my order, sir?"

The swordmaster had struck the right key, for the lieutenant saluted.

"Do you take the responsibility, colonel?"

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## AN ENCHANTING SERIAL,

To Start in Our Next Number:

## DID SHE SIN?

OR,

A Man's Desperate Game.

The Romance of a Young Wife's  
Fight With Fate.BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH."

A work of remarkable interest; in plot, character and incident, strong, original and exciting; full of pathos, passion and sustained purpose; in many respects one of the finest society and dramatic stories we have published for a long time.

## DID SHE SIN?

A high-toned and thoroughly true young woman drifts early in the story out on a sea of troubles that surround her with peril and test her woman's strength to a point where lives fail and hearts break. Tempted, badgered, buffeted by Fate, her fight gives the highest dramatic action to the story.

## Did She Sin?

A vain, frivolous, spoiled young woman becomes early involved in a singular train of circumstances that elaborate into an eventful career for her, wherein she plays the part of impostor unconsciously, but consciously acts with duplicity that leads her to a merited ignominy.

## A MAN'S DESPERATE GAME.

An unworthy nephew, and would-be heir to a noble and honorable uncle's great estate—essentially base, treacherous and mean—is the Lucifer of the drama, whose art is only equalled by his astonishing assurance that makes him a type of man not too rare in "fashionable circles" to be a paradox.

## A Man's Desperate Game.

A confidential servant and trusted agent, whose character slowly develops into the Mephistopheles, who, consorting with Lucifer, does or tries to do Satan's own work only to be paid in Satan's own coin. A subtle, sleek villain of the Uriah Heep order, but with a talent for duplicity and dissembling that would have excited Uriah's unbounded envy.

It is not of remote or foreign interest, but is

## A STORY OF TO-DAY.

in New York city and suburban aristocratic social circles, that will add much to the author's already fine reputation.

## LIGHT LITERATURE.

"A PARSON," whose query we partially answer elsewhere, writes:

"I am opposed to light literature, on principle, because I believe it is feeding the mind on unreal food and discourages the better reading."

It is singular what blindness affects some people. One has a color blindness, and cannot distinguish blue from green, or green from gray, or gray from purple. Another has obliquity of vision, and always sees things where they are not. Still another will not be able to tell a man from a mirror across a room. But, our friend, the Parson, has the old-time blindness that sees no good in anything that is not "serious."

Well, Parson, a man may "smile, and smile, and still be a villain;" and he may be ever so serious and self-complacently fixed in a creed or belief and yet be a fool; so it is not that literature is "light" or "heavy" that determines its value as an educator and civilizer. It is its spirit and intent. A right-down good novel is infinitely to be preferred, as an educator, to a volume of homiletics and dogmatics, for the conclusive reason that everybody reads the novel and nobody reads the homiletics.

Therefore, without discussing the comparative and relative merits of novels and homiletics, it seems to us, Parson, that you are very impractical, (would we not be justified in saying—*stupid?*) in relegating light literature to the proscribed list. Don't you think the Onondaga clergyman, whose letter we quoted in our last issue, is the wiser man in himself reading and enjoying and commending a good and spirited popular paper? Such a paper is a "mirror held up to Nature," that nothing but experience in life can equal for the actual knowledge it discloses,

of men, manners and things; and as the human mind is eager for food, we are sure it is infinitely better, for the young especially, to have a healthful light literature to read, than to daily sup on the horrors and sensations of the daily press.

A "story paper," Parson, if it is properly catered for, is Society's best friend, even before the parsons themselves, much as they are worth as ministers of good—that is about the way the case stands now, if the world isn't a huge lie, and we don't think it is. It is a huge fact, and he who does not read it aright, and treat it sensibly, had better not get in its way.

## Sunshine Papers.

## The Uses and Abuses—

Of legs—masculine and feminine! There! That is my subject, and if you do not like it you are perfectly at liberty to lay aside the JOURNAL without reading this week's "Sunshine." And you may rest assured that no one's heart will be broken by such procedure on your part!

That legs have their uses cannot be denied; nor that they have played a part in all of the world's great achievements. They have carried the pilgrim to his shrine, the warrior to the battle-field, the explorer into distant lands, the physician to the sick, the clergyman to the dying, the athlete to his goal. They have quivered in the air, flashed in the sea, run and leaped and danced on the land. They have paced the wards of hospitals, flitted from cellar to attic and from attic to cellar in the never-ending round of housewifery, waited tirelessly in the ball-room, and helped to bear the actress, and lectures, and dressers, and lawyeress, into places of remuneration and honor. And though it is to be presumed that every one who possesses a sound pair of these important appendages finds plentiful services for them to perform, I am strongly of the belief that there are no legs in existence that have yet fulfilled their very best purposes.

Pre-eminently legs are of use in walking. But half the people I know seem not to be aware of this, while a few are over-conscious of it. There are young men and women who can glide through the Lancers, and whirl, in the waltz, most of the night, without must jump in a car on stage to ride to blocks; gentlemen whom the dyspepsia is making savage and disagreeable, who will not walk the once a day to business that would, conquer it; ladies who grow pale, and old, and inviolated before their time for lack of daily exercise out of doors.

Why, good people, do you imagine that you were provided with legs that you might carry them about in cars and stages? I do not; I believe they were given you to trot the six or seven miles, or less, that lie between your home and the place of your daily avocation; and if you tell me that you ride to save time, I will answer you that such a confession is only a disgrace to you. For if ever you had put your legs, from childhood up, to their proper use, you would be able to walk, comfortably, almost as rapidly as you could travel on any horse-car or omnibus. But even if you lose a little time, what are time and money in comparison with the possession of a vigorous frame, a strong constitution, and the laying of the foundation for a hale old age, and a race of handsome, healthy Americans?

An English girl thinks nothing of walking five miles and back before breakfast or after tea; but how many American girls can walk a fifth of that distance—two miles—without being entirely used up? A few, I know, for I have been on jolly long tramps with some such—but, how many? One in every fifty, perhaps; and I suspect that is a good percentage. And yet, feminine legs are designed for peripatetic uses as surely as masculine ones.

Walking is an art, a healthy and graceful art, and it should be cultivated as assiduously as dancing. And when America's young legs, feminine and masculine alike, can prettily and tirelessly carry their owners over from one to twenty miles a day, in the open air, and every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, we shall have fewer broken-down young men and sickly young women, while we should then be able to boast even higher mental culture.

Running, leaping and climbing are other uses to which legs should be put. And while girls are young they should be encouraged to practice these exercises, equally with boys; they develop the muscles, add suppleness to the figure, and impart beauty of motion. Any young lady should be proud to be known as a light, swift, graceful runner.

And one of the uses to which every pair of legs—male and female, I make no distinction—within reach of the sea-shore, lakeside, river-course, or even a good-sized pond, should be put, is swimming; while none should ever be ignorant of the beautiful art of moving in rhythm to dance music.

Oh, you long-faced, thin-cheeked, yellow-skinned, solemn-countenanced, physical and spiritual invalids, you need not hold up your hands in holy horror at me, and roll your eyes toward the ceiling as if invoking righteous maledictions upon my devoted head. You only make me laugh. I do not mind you one bit! Did I not intimate that legs had their abuses as well as uses?

Because I say every pair of legs that comes forth into the world should be used, I do not mean that every pair should dance the can-can, or dance in all places, or in questionable company, or to the ruin of health, or for a profession; else I would be recommending abuses instead of good uses to legs.

One of the abuses of legs is to allow them to engage their owner in foolhardy undertakings and dangerous experiments, for the mere sake of notoriety; while another abuse is to keep them still when their service might save life, or help a suffering fellow-creature. It is an abuse of legs to use them for performing gymnastics in a pulpit, or for kicking dumb beasts, or for propelling a creditor down-stairs.

It is an abuse of legs to use them in tests of endurance that break down the nervous system and ruin the constitution. It is an abuse of legs to keep them idly on a chair when father or mother needs a favor done. It is an abuse of legs to never send them on errands of kindness and charity. It is—but why enumerate? Just meditate upon this subject of uses and abuses of legs, my dear readers, and ask yourselves whether your legs are ever given over to abuses, or always to their very best uses? It is not a light matter, if you do smile over it.

But let me whisper, before I close, to all owners of legs that wear pantaloons, that those members were not given them for the express purpose of blockading the aisles of cars and saloons of ferry-boats, as one man out of every five seems to think! No, my dear sirs. That is a delusion. Your legs are not especially designed for the ruin of your neighbor's

property; and I would recommend that the first abuse you guilty creatures undertake to abolish is the monopolizing more than your share of public conveyances; and tripping ladies and pious men, who cannot indulge in the relief of ever so little a swear, over your horizontal extremities; and wiping the mud from your dainty and exposed feet upon the garments of the passing crowd.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

How often we are deceived by people, and how little it takes to deceive us! I mean how often we are mistaken people by their manner, and how sadly we are mistaken sometimes. I have two classes now in view, types of which have often presented themselves to my notice and I have often wondered why it is that we do not take persons for what they are and not what they seem to be. We ought to look more into hearts and less into faces and voices. But, how much there is in this world we ought to do—that we know we ought to do—yet leave undone!

Have you not met the demonstrative person? She fairly bubbles over with delight at seeing you; there is a great deal of "gush" in her composition. She overwhelms you with wishes and kisses, until you would think you were her "dearest friend," and that life without your society would be unendurable to her. These protestations of undying friendship are too lavish to be real or lasting—given to too many to make you think you are a favored one.

At a funeral your demonstrative person seems to have tears always at her command—often forced and hardly ever real; her feelings carry her away until one, not acquainted with her, is led to say: "What a tender heart! How keenly she feels for others' sorrows and misfortunes!"

I don't mean to imply, or lead you to believe, that I think the intense joy or sorrow expressed by these demonstrative individuals is all assumed, always, for such is far from my thoughts. Some are more prone to show their feelings for the very reason that they cannot keep them to themselves; but that is not a proof that others, who are not so ready to express what they feel, have less heart, or are incapable of being as much pleased with joy or touched with grief.

I call to my mind one whom we have always deemed cold and haughty because she never appeared so statue-like in her manner. Nothing seemed to move her, until we often thought she must be made of ice. We have accused her of lack of sympathy and feeling, but we misjudged her because we did not understand her. Her fault was that she was un-demonstrative—something she could not help. Demonstrations caused by gladness or by sorrow were foreign to her nature. She could not parade her feelings before the world, but she was not heartless. She did not express as much as some others, but she may have felt more.

Yes, she felt, and keenly, too, for others in trouble. Those in affliction seemed bound to her by the bond of sympathy, for many and grievous were the crosses she herself had to bear—and she had many kind words of encouragement, and many a deed of goodness for them. Hers was a somewhat lonely life because she had been deprived of death of kith and kin, and she had few friends because some deemed her unapproachable. Even this cut her to the heart, because she was called so cold. She suffered, but suffered in silence. She loved her "own" while they were with her, and valued them for their worth, but they could not probe into her heart and read the love that was there; even they seemed to believe she was too ice-like because she could not make an exhibition of that love.

And have you not met just such individuals, and have you not read them wrongly—accused them of a lack of feeling and of heart, and given them no credit for what they deserve? Some there are who cannot conceal their emotions and others who cannot show them.

Have you never held up a stereoscopic view before you and thought what a poor idea of the original place it gave and then placed it in the stereoscope and were so delighted and amazed at the beauty, the change and clearness, that it seemed like reality itself? Now if we could put some of these hearts, we deem so cold and marble-like, into a stereoscope of humanity we would see that they beat with warm affection, deep sympathy and true nobility. Pity some Edison cannot give us such an instrument for examining real characters.

Ah, yes! Many go through life but little understood, and unappreciated; it is only when the form is laid away in the grave that we learn what was the true worth of the loved and lost.

Like foolish creatures we misunderstand each other, and ask the reason why angels write down what we truly are, because they can read the heart. I often wish we could do the same.

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Some Summer Suggestions.

THE weather has every appearance of becoming hot and exciting, umbrellas and thermometers are going up, and paper collars and human flesh are wilting down, notes are falling due every day, and your wife's relations have begun to wear your way. There will be a great deal more weather this season than you ever saw in your life, and it behooves you to try and survive it the best way that you can.

In the first place, destroy your thermometers about the house; for why should you desire to know just exactly how hot it is? You might otherwise remain in blissful ignorance of it.

I really know of nothing more cooling and healthy in hot weather than being honest. I have tried it myself at odd times when I had nothing else on hand particularly to do, and I can commend it as worthy a trial, now and then.

Do not go to bed without saying your prayers or having your wife say them for you; this keeps your conscience serene and quiet, especially in hot weather, and affords you the most delightful and refreshing sleep.

Allow nothing to disturb your serenity. If a man flies up and tells you plainly that you are the biggest liar for a small man he ever saw, and should come close to proving it, just keep still and tell him you will postpone the balance of the affair till next winter, and if he is inclined to lick you, do not over-exert yourself by running away down the hot and dusty street. Keep cool and endeavor to get him to lick somebody else.

Above all things avoid running too much around over town in the heat, hunting up people that you owe; wait until cooler weather, if it takes years.

Be careful how you eat green things this weather; eat sparingly of Paris green; do not eat cucumbers while they are green; avoid eating green sea-turtle at your clubs and drink lightly of green seal. Cabbages also while they are green are very unhealthy in summer. Ice-water, to be healthy and harmless, should sit on the stove for at least five minutes; this will take off the chill, and ice-cream should be thoroughly thawed out—both of these are very deleterious to good health at this season, and young men should be thoughtful enough to try and impress it on the minds of young ladies of whom they have sole control—or *wish* they had.

You should endeavor to avoid sitting in cold churches during this heated term. Where the sexton forgets and leaves all the windows wide open and also the doors, allowing the chilly air to circulate as it pleases, is hardly the place to go, for there you are liable to get measured for a cold which may send you to kingdom Cumberland.

When you go down-street always carry your umbrella well before you; this will prevent the heat from blowing on you. If you have no umbrella try to keep the heat off by holding a cane before you.

Be thankful if you are so fortunate as to have water on the brain, for you will be in little danger of being sunstruck, and if you should be sunstruck you cannot possibly have a chance to strike back.

You should by all means carefully abstain from over-exerting yourself by carrying all your money from one room into another and piling it up, at least while the thermometer is so strong—and unhealthy.

A straw hat with the crown neatly torn out, and linen pants extremely short will afford excellent ventilation for your head and feet.

It would be a very nice thing if you could hire a windmill to sleep in, these nights.

You can honestly pray for storms now, and need not disdain to raise a small storm with your wife, and in the days of fierce sunshine you can even welcome clouds of sorrow in your sky.

While you may easily run up an account you should by no means try to run it down; that is too killing work at this time of the year.

When it gets so hot that a three-inch board won't cast a shadow you had better go into the cellar, being careful that the sun's rays do not strike the chimney and run down the lightning-rod into the cellar. You can devote all your spare time to the invention of a sun-rod to prevent the sun from striking your house.

People who live in glass houses—your neighbors—will find they are pretty hot residences this summer, and they had better move out.

If you find it too hard work to attend to your own and other people's business, this kind of weather, you had better let up on one or the other of them—even if your own. You may not have a lazy bone in your body, but oh! the muscles!

Now is as good a time as any for your wives to talk about a trip to Saratoga and Newport. It is a prolific subject for conversation, and you should encourage them in it.

You will find that accounts of people freezing to death in the Arctic regions—regions where the ark landed—more entertaining reading than you imagined before.

If the sun keeps on getting nearer and nearer to the earth there will be great danger of an eclipse of the moon, and everything will be as effectually dried up as a mince-pie at a railroad restaurant.

The nights are now so hot that the very rays of the moon, pale but not cold, scorch you, and you are compelled to carry an umbrella for fear you will get moonstruck.

You need not jaw your wife now when you sit down to a cold meal, nor frown at her cold looks.

Young people finding the parlors are too warm even for young love, will find it convenient to adjourn to the front gate—the gates of Gaze-ah!

Be sure and wear thin clothes; your spring clothes, if worn enough, will probably be sufficiently thin.

Men who think they are carrying the world on their shoulders had better take it off now and sit down in the shade to rest a little bit.

Oh, for the shade of immortal Shakespeare! Foreverly.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Topics of the Time.

—A recent scientist states that in order to obtain a kilo of sugar, bees must suck 7,500,000 distinct flower tubes, and thus to secure a pound of honey 2,500,000 visits must be made.

—According to the official report of a telegraph company in Sumatra, it is no easy matter to keep the wires in operation in that tropical country. Their most redoubtable enemies are the wild elephants. In May of last year these animals completely destroyed a line eighteen miles long. Where the wires lead through jungles the workmen engaged in putting them up and keeping them in repair are frequently interrupted by attacks from buffaloes, tigers and bears. More troublesome still are the monkeys, which use the poles and wires for gymnastic exercises, and take a peculiar pleasure in stealing the glass insulators.

—"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the *Liverpool Mercury*, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drunk at intervals, when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering." Now let somebody go and get the small-pox and test this tartar cure. Any politician out of a job will here find "something good to do."

—Three female descendants of Massasoit, and of John Sassamon, the Indian educated at Harvard, are now living near Lakeville, Mass. They are a mother and two daughters, their name is Mitchell, and they are of unmixed Indian blood. They are all well educated, and hold a good deal of inherited land in Massachusetts. They take great pride in their descent, and one of the daughters wears a perfect Indian costume. In spite of her academy training she has been heard to say that if she had been in Massasoit's place she would not have allowed one of the Pilgrims to live through the first winter. After all, her feelings may not be unnatural. Probably the Saxons felt very much that way about the Normans.

—The last school report of Ohio gives the school population of that State as 1,041,963, and of this number only about 70 per cent. were enrolled in the schools, and only 60 per cent. were in average daily attendance. The State has 11,979 school-houses, and to conduct the work 16,092 teachers are necessary. The actual employment of 23,391 teachers during last year shows that Ohio indulges too much in rapid rotation in the teacher's office. Only 25,817 pupils are reported as studying American history, and only 1,390 took up general history, while not one was occupied with the study of civil government. German is studied by 40,427 pupils, and French by 408. The colored schools of the State instruct 4,829 pupils, and have 262 teachers.

## Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "We Pass Along;" "Edward;" "A Redwood Ride;" "The Poisoned Ring;" "Stay, Darling, Stay!" "A Rose on the Breast;" "The Rope's End Tragically;" "The Late Mr. Plunk;" "A Good-For-Nothing;" "Sixteen or Sixty;" "The Missouri Ranch Ghost;" "A Detective Detected."

Declined: "A Tramp;" "The Silver Cross;" "The Gate of Rubies;" "Eugenia's Curse;" "Jack Stoker;" "Taking Bogardus;" "A Lesson in Planting;" "A Mountain Nymph's Strategy;" "Little Charlie's Brownie;" "A Kiss and a Sigh;" "The Man with Two Wives;" "In Armes;" "Stockings and Gloves;" "Ninety and Nine."

J. M. S., Baltimore. The tournament is "closed." See No. 490 of STAR JOURNAL.

P. McC. Poetry better in conception than in expression. It is faulty in conception than in expression. It is faulty in conception than in expression.

O. N. E. If the guardian is inexorable wait until the lady is of age. Do nothing to compromise her prospects.

Crane. Answered by mail.—No young man should

a second time place himself in a position to be slighted

or snubbed by a lady.

L. A. T. Answered by mail. The ambition is a

laudable one, but success can only come of experience,

and the knowledge should bring.

T. K. No special proportions are essential. Try

three of water to one of glycerine. If the fusion is

not perfect add a few drops of carbolic acid of full

strength.

ROVER. We can supply the numbers from 400 up-

ward, but no further back. We presume you can

obtain a full set of the JOURNAL from the beginning,

by advertising.

S. T. D. You can send on a specimen sketch and

we will then decide.—Gunsmiths usually remove rust

by the use of emery. We know nothing of the guns

you mention. Be careful that the twist barrel is

twist and not an acid imitation of corruption.

KITTY. A lover has no special "rights," and if,

because he is a lover, he asserts authority over you

—forbidding you other society in his absence, etc.—

his law is mere mastery. Just as surely, if he

maidenly "rights," and tell him to find some other

man to dictate to and command.

UMA. The lady may have no right to be offended,

yet, if you win her love, her, the feeling of anger

and jealousy is rather to be expected. If you

do not expect or wish to have the gentleman for a

lover, why not decline to accept of his attentions?

ter her have a lady friend than an enemy, certainly.

ONIDA BELLE. Don't be in a hurry. You are too

young for engagement. Wait. A girl at sixteen is

but a girl, not a woman. As your choice at twenty-

four would not be the one at sixteen, it is better

for you to remain heart and hand free and en-

joy your girlhood fully. When you are a woman

grown then marry and be content.

J. C. O. Lincoln was born in Hardin Co., Ken-

tucky, February 12th, 1809.—Your weight is light,

and your height under the average for a boy of fif-

teen.—Your writing is good, and your spelling cor-

rect. Philadelphia is one-third less in area than New York

city.—The population of Kansas is increasing so

rapidly that its present number is unknown.

NANCY AND NERRE. The nearest lavatory adjunct

to a bath is the so-called "sponge," and if you are

prepared, ready, as follows: Put into a small bot-

tle two ounces of rose-water, one teaspoonful of the

oil of sweet almonds, and a few drops of perfume.

Put the bottle into the whole is combined, and you have

a very nice cosmetic to apply to the skin after wash-

ing.

CLARK G. You can get a gold pen pointed for

fifty cents, and it will be like new. Often a gold pen

gets out of order by the point splitting. Take it at

the shaft, between the thumb and fore-finger, and

draw the fingers firmly down to the point. This will

bend the points in place. Never try to right them

by bending the point upon the nail or a hard sub-



## BODY AND SOUL.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

[The following poem, first published in 1899, and characterized as "one of the finest poems in American literature," has found its way into the English press—where it appears authorless, and full of errors. From a copy of the *Art Journal*, in which it originally appeared, we reproduce it, sure that it will find appreciative readers.]

A living soul came into the world—  
Whence came it? Who can tell?  
Or where that spirit went forth again,  
When it bade the world farewell?

A body it had, this spirit new,  
And the body was given a name,  
And chance and change and circumstance  
About its being came.

Whether the name would suit the soul  
The givers never knew—  
Names are alike, but never souls:  
So body and spirit grew.

Till time enlarged the narrow sphere  
Into the realms of life,  
Into this strange and double world  
Whose elements are strife.

Twere easy to tell the daily paths  
Walked by the body's feet,  
To mark where the sharpest stones were laid,  
Or where the grass grew sweet:  
To tell if it hungered, or what its dress,  
Ragged, or plain, or rare;  
What was its forehead—what its voice,  
Or the hue of its eyes and hair.

But these are all in the common dust;  
And the spirit—where is it?  
Will any say if the hue of the eyes,  
Or the dress, for that was it?

Will any one say what daily paths  
That spirit went or came—  
Whether it rested in beds of flowers,  
Or shrunk upon beds of flame?  
Can any one tell, upon stormy nights,  
When the body was safely at home,  
Where, amid darkness, terror and gloom,  
Its friend was wont to roam?

Where, upon hills beneath the blue skies,  
It rested, soft and free,  
Flying straight out of its half-closed eyes,  
That friend went wandering at will?

High as the bliss of the highest heaven,  
Low as the lowest hell,  
With hope and fear it winged its way  
On a journey that none may tell.

It lay on the rose's fragrant breast,  
It bathed in the ocean deep,  
It sailed in a ship of sunset cloud,  
And it heard the rain-cloud weep.

It laughed with maidens in murmurous caves,  
It was struck by the lightning's flash,  
It drank from the moon's lily-cup,  
It heard the iceberg's crash.

It haunted places of old renown,  
It basked in thickets of flowers;  
It fled on the wings of the stormy wind,  
It dreamed through the star-lit hours.  
Alas! a soul's strange history  
Never was written or known,  
Though the name and age of its earthly part  
Be given upon the stone.

It hated, and overcame its hate—  
It loved to youth's excess;  
It was mad with anguish, wild with joy,  
It had visions to grieve and to bless;

It drank of the honey-dew of dreams,  
For it was a poet true;  
Secrets of nature and secrets of mind  
Mysteriously it knew.

Should mortals question its history,  
They would ask if it had grown—  
If it bled and floated in deeps of wealth—  
If it traded, and bought, and sold.

They would prize its worth by the outward dress,  
By which its body was known:  
As if a soul must eat and sleep,  
And live on money alone and greedily!

It had no need to purchase lands,  
For it owned the whole broad earth;  
Twas of royal rank, for all the past  
Was its by right of birth.

All beauty in the world he knew  
Was its, by right of love,  
And it had a great inheritance  
In the nameless realms above.

It has gone! the soul so little known—  
Its body has lived and died;  
Gone from the world so vexing, small:  
But the Universe is wide!

## The End of Her Dream.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"If you only could be content to stay, Genevieve—the old place has been so lonesome while you've been away."

Genevieve smiled down at the gentle little woman sitting in the window, and looking so after sock from the appallingly large pile beside her.

"For your sake, auntie dear, I wish I could stay with you always. But you know I have always wanted to live on my own life—in my own way. And I am succeeding so grandly!"

Her young, happy voice rang out clear and proud, and Mrs. Moss and Minnie, her daughter, just Genevieve's age, looked at her—one with an admiring, half-uneasy astonishment, the other with a pang of jealousy.

They were as different as it was possible for two women to be, and ever since Minnie Moss could remember, she had disliked her cousin Genevieve for her beauty and her grace, and the witchingness that made everybody love her. And now, of late days, Genevieve was further and further outstripping the ordinary cousin, and making her dislike and envy her more and more.

"I don't say it isn't all right that everybody should improve the talents the Lord gives them, but—you won't take it amiss, Genevieve, if I think it's quite like a temptin' of Providence for a young single woman like you to get up a public studio, and paint pictures and sell 'em—just for all the world like a man."

"It's disgraceful to me that I am, mother, and Genevieve is the first Moss who ever dared attempt such a thing."

Minnie cast a glance intended to be intensely withering, and Genevieve smiled as she quietly replied and reached up to gather a bunch of delicious grapes from the vine that shaded the kitchen windows.

"And undoubtedly the first and only Moss who could accomplish such an undertaking, Minnie. Wait until you see my 'Lily Maid of Astoria'—that I am already offered five hundred dollars for, and not yet finished."

It would have been unnatural had there not been the ring of glad, proud triumph in Genevieve's voice that enraged Minnie the more because she knew every word was true.

"Oh, well, mother," she said, coldly, "there's no earthly need never was—in trying to reason with Genevieve. If she likes to live such a bold public life—why, she can. Of course what we think, or what Ryal Dare thinks, is of no consequence."

"Yes—it is," and Genevieve's tones softened into tender sweetness,—"yes, I do care what you and auntie say, and I am sure the time will come some day when you both will see as I do, that it is not necessary to a woman's happiness, or her success, or her salvation, that she settle down into a domestic drudge, and wash dishes, and bake bread all her days! Not that I think it is not beautiful and noble to do it, for duty's sake, but when duty calls another way, then—"

and her bright blue eyes flashed out a pretty spirited protest—"then, I certainly think that to one—not even you, auntie, dear, or Minnie, or—Ryal Dare—ought to attempt to alter destiny."

Minnie curled her red lips.

"Oh, well—if Ryal likes it, all right! Mother, shall I lose up the shortened tea, or finish the stockings while you do it? I doubt if any of your fine civilized friends would take the trouble to do as much for you, Genevieve!"

Genevieve flushed—a little indignantly.

"My city friends are fully as appreciative as I deserve, Minnie."

Mrs. Moss rolled up a pair of socks into a huge gray ball and stuck her darning-needle into it.

"There, there, girls! Come, Minnie, and stir up a good oven fire while I mix the dough. Genevieve—you'll have enough to busy you till tea-time, for there comes Ryal Dare up the road."

"And you're really going back to your studio to-morrow, Genevieve?"

Ryal Dare had lingered as long as he dared in that quiet, comfortable sitting-room, to which came the subdued sounds of preparation for supper, and the delicious aroma of uncolored Japan tea, combined with the baking shortcake, and broiling ham—a tall, manly fellow, with grave, handsome eyes, that were such true indices to his noble heart—the heart that had gone out to Genevieve Moss long and long ago, though, as yet, not a word of actual formal love-making had passed between them.

Genevieve looked in the fire that sparkled and crackled on the open hearth, a happy little smile playing on her lips, a contented light shining from her eyes.

"To-morrow! And I'm so glad, Ryal! Every hour spent in idleness appalls me. I do so long to be at my work again—and, Ryal, I am sure, I am sure I am on the high road to success and—fortune!"

Success and fortune! And she with her royal dower of beauty and grace, to which would be added fame and wealth, to love him—plain, quiet, obscure, and a—farmer! And something of a sigh was in his heart as he watched the frelight play warmly on her bright young face.

"You deserve all that a kind fate can give you," he said, gravely. "Only, I have heard of those good gods who are disposed to give you, alienating true friends, because—"

he changed his tone suddenly, and an eagerness and a passion he could only partially restrain made the girl look up suddenly, shyly—"Genevieve, you will not let your success intoxicate you into forgetting old friends?"

Just a little shade of disappointment crossed her face—somehow his words had not been what she had thought Ryal Dare would say on this parting visit.

Then she smiled, sweetly, gently.

"I hope I never shall forget my dear old friends, auntie and uncle and Minnie and the boys, and—you, Ryal. But, for fear that I might, promise me something. Will you?"

His heart was beating violently. Genevieve's lovely, half-roguish, half-earnest face, looking so caressingly at him. She was so winsome and on the high road to fortune and fame, and he—

"I would promise you anything, Genevieve. Want me to say?"

"It isn't much for you but it will be a great deal to me. I want you to come—often—to visit me, will you? In my studio, Ryal—won't you?"

A great gladness dawned in his handsome, grave face.

"You really wish it, Genevieve?"

She laughed.

"As if I would ask if I didn't. Wish it! Why, Ryal, you will be the most welcome of all guests. Don't you know that?"

"If only he had not so carefully nursed that one idea—she as far as a star above him!"

"I will be sure to come, Genevieve."

And after he had gone away she went upstairs to the little lonesome room where her trunk stood, packed, strapped and labeled, and cried softly.

"There's no use—Ryal doesn't care for me! And I was so sure he did—so sure! Well—now for the dear other-life again!"

Such a fairy-like place it was, and Ryal Dare thought as he looked around him, in the first dazed surprise, that Genevieve's studio was a bit of summer-time transplanted into the midst of the bitter cold January weather.

Amber velvet curtains, delicately tinted walls, carpet thick and soft as moss, of exquisite subdued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant luxury, sweeping lace and velvet lambrequin on graceful shells that held statuettes and bronzes, tiny gilt tables—one with a vase of magnificent not-house flowers, and another with a card bearing a name Ryal could not help seeing in that one moment of scrutiny—"Felix Carrington."

And then, leaving the party of ladies and gentlemen to whisper and talk, he dashed all daintily afresh, his eyes shining like diamond stars as he watched and listened to their enthusiasm over the paintings on the walls, and the great *chef d'oeuvre* on her easel—her precious "Lily Maid of Astoria"—Genevieve went quickly to meet him, pale in one fair, slender hand, the other outstretched to welcome him—but not—not with the glad, eager greeting he had persuaded himself she would give him.

Of late he had thought so much of seeing her. He had even thought, in her plain dress, and in his arm, he would take her in his arms and kiss her; and now, instead, he found himself welcomed with—yes—a certain restraint, a certain—embarrassment—was it—because of his inopportune appearance before her aristocratic friends?

She introduced him, courteously enough, and the last name she called was Felix Carrington, the handsome, dark-eyed, dark-mustached gentleman who looked offest at Genevieve, who had been the first to notice her, and who had an unmistakable air of intimate interest in the girl, and who took to pains to hide the stare of contempt he directed to Ryal Dare.

And Ryal's heart beat furiously at the smiling sneer on his lips, and he turned away, feeling that this was no place for him.

"I will go now," he said to Genevieve, a moment later, and at the door he took her hand in almost a crushing grasp.

"Good-by—I shall not come again. I was fool enough to think you wanted me, but now I know better. I have often feared, but now I know, our paths lie apart."

And after he had gone, she stood a minute at the door before returning to her guests.

"Felix Carrington! I was wrong all in supposing he did not care—and now—I do not care for him—any more!"

And a sad little smile on her lips suddenly brightened as Felix Carrington opened the velvet portières.

"Minnie Moss, we are disconsolate without you! Not that I care for the sufferings of the rest of them, but you mustn't punish me, too."

And the glance from his eyes made her heart thrill as Ryal Dare never had had the power to do for life, in Felix Carrington's presence, was a blessed thing to this fair young girl-artist.

Dr. Dudley looked at Genevieve through his glasses, and his kindly heart melted for the anguish in her white, terrified face, the piteous wail in her voice.

"Oh, not that, not that, Dr. Dudley! Only think how much more it means to me than most women! For God's sake, is there no hope—none? Am I to be—utterly helpless so long as I live?"

"My poor child, it will not be quite so bad as that, I hope. Try to be thankful you escaped with your life, Miss Moss, from that dreadful accident."

"I would rather have died, oh! why didn't they let me die? Dr. Dudley, will I never, never—paint—again?"

earnest inquiries for Miss Moss's comfort, and keenest regrets that his horses had been so unruly, and a thousand pardons for his share of the misfortune, and his regretful adieu, as he had been cabled to return to England without delay on business of family importance.

And then—Genevieve knew that in all the world there was not one who loved her—not even this man, who had made her life a very heaven—this lover, through whom all her woe had come, this cruel, ice-cold hearted man!

Poor Genevieve! All day she lay still as death on her pillow, her wistful, piteous eyes full of such shadows that it would have made her worst enemy—or Felix Carrington—pity her.

And that made Ryal Dare's heart ache when he saw her, just as the last afternoon shadows of a lovely February day were fading on the walls of her room.

"Ryal! oh, Ryal, my friend, my only friend!" And he quietly smoothed the hair off her white forehead as his wistful eyes looked up in his eyes, and her lips quivered.

"I told you I was your friend, Genevieve. I have come to take you home—Mrs. Moss insists that no one can as she cannot see you but herself. And to-morrow we will go."

All through the beautiful spring weather Genevieve strengthened and improved; but nothing could drive the sad, wistful shadows from her eyes.

"It is very sweet and restful here," she said, one balmy day when Ryal was taking her for a drive, "but it cannot last. Do you know, Ryal," she said, with a little flush of shame on her face, "do you know it cuts me to the quick to be so dependent? I—who had such a glorious career—"

Ryal laid his hand on hers—such a fair, womanly hand.

"Genevieve, sometimes I think God has ordered all this. In your prosperity I did not dare tell you what, in your helplessness, I tell you so proudly and yet humbly—that I love you so dearly, so dearly! Genevieve, may I have you for my wife? Will you let me love you and care for you? Genevieve, dearest, my life will be blessed with you, so incomplete without you."

And through tears of grateful tenderness she looked in his grand, good face.

"Oh, Ryal, I am not worth it! But if you want me—"

That was the end of her beautiful dream—a quiet country home, where peace and plenty abound, where love surrounds her, where baby faces smile in her adoring eyes, and baby voices thrill her pulses—that is the end of her dream.

And who shall say it is not best?

## JOE TO JOHN.

BY T. C. HARBURG.

Many years ago, dear John,  
We were boys together—  
Fishing in the rivulet,  
Or porting on the heather;

Stumbling over lengthy words  
In the backwoods college;  
Troubling our old brains  
Dealing after knowledge!

We are like two lonely elms—  
Growing old together;  
We have faced, for many years,  
Alone and stormy weather;

Side by side we've sailed along—  
Sailed through sun and shadow;  
Ended in a boatless chase  
Many an El Dorado!

We have tasted all the sweets  
Life has to offer to boys;  
Many a harvest we have sown,  
Was not worth the reaping!

Amber velvet curtains, delicately tinted walls, carpet thick and soft as moss, of exquisite subdued colors, rare articles of vertu and elegant luxury, sweeping lace and velvet lambrequin on graceful shells that held statuettes and bronzes, tiny gilt tables—one with a vase of magnificent not-house flowers, and another with a card bearing a name Ryal could not help seeing in that one moment of scrutiny—"Felix Carrington."

And then, leaving the party of ladies and gentlemen to whisper and talk, he dashed all daintily afresh, his eyes shining like diamond stars as he watched and listened to their enthusiasm over the paintings on the walls, and the great *chef d'oeuvre* on her easel—her precious "Lily Maid of Astoria"—Genevieve went quickly to meet him, pale in one fair, slender hand, the other outstretched to welcome him—but not—not with the glad, eager greeting he had persuaded himself she would give him.

Of late he had thought so much of seeing her. He had even thought, in her plain dress, and in his arm, he would take her in his arms and kiss her; and now, instead, he found himself welcomed with—yes—a certain restraint, a certain—embarrassment—was it—because of his inopportune appearance before her aristocratic friends?

She introduced him, courteously enough, and the last name she called was Felix Carrington, the handsome, dark-eyed, dark-mustached gentleman who looked offest at Genevieve, who had been the first to notice her, and who had an unmistakable air of intimate interest in the girl, and who took to pains to hide the stare of contempt he directed to Ryal Dare.

And Ryal's heart beat furiously at the smiling sneer on his lips, and he turned away, feeling that this was no place for him.

"I will go now," he said to Genevieve, a moment later, and at the door he took her hand in almost a crushing grasp.

"Good-by—I shall not come again. I was fool enough to think you wanted me, but now I know better. I have often feared, but now I know, our paths lie apart."

And after he had gone, she stood a minute at the door before returning to her guests.

"Felix Carrington! I was wrong all in supposing he did not care—and now—I do not care for him—any more!"

And a sad little smile on her lips suddenly brightened as Felix Carrington opened the velvet portières.

"Minnie Moss, we are disconsolate without you! Not that I care for the sufferings of the rest of them, but you mustn't punish me, too."

And the glance from his eyes made her heart thrill as Ryal Dare never had had the power to do for life, in Felix Carrington's presence, was a blessed thing to this fair young girl-artist.

Dr. Dudley looked at Genevieve through his glasses, and his kindly heart melted for the anguish in her white, terrified face, the piteous wail in her voice.

"Oh, not that, not that, Dr. Dudley! Only think how much more it means to me than most women! For God's sake, is there no hope—none? Am I to be—utterly helpless so long as I live?"

"My poor child, it will not be quite so bad as that, I hope. Try to be thankful you escaped with your life, Miss Moss, from that dreadful accident."

"I would rather have died, oh! why didn't they let me die? Dr. Dudley, will I never, never—paint—again?"

Her ashen lips, her eager eyes, her gasping voice, were piteous to see, to hear.

The old gentleman shook his head sorrowfully, slowly.

"My poor girl, you will never regain the cunning and flexibility of your arms again. You will get well—your health will continue, but—you will not paint again. But think how many other blessings you can enjoy."

And Genevieve turned her face away, hot tears streaming down her pale cheeks as the bitter heart-breaking realization came to her that, on the very threshold of life and success, and fortune and happiness—this awful affliction should be hurled upon her.

A little later, her nurse brought her a message—Mr. Carrington had called, and left his

in knowledge through the private aid of a teacher who had hated to repress the child's fondness for study. Then had come her wretched experience as a servant-maid, ending with her bold search for freedom and self-sustenance. But no sooner was she established in Mrs. Goodrich's lodgings than her love of books asserted itself. She eagerly perused the limited amount of reading matter owned by her lonely friend, and then expended much of her small earnings upon a neighboring circulating library; every moment that she could spare from needlework and household duties being spent in poring over volumes of history, fiction, poetry, and biography. And possessing a fine memory the girl succeeded in accumulating a wonderful amount of information despite the swiftness and lack of method with which she read.

When Gillette, a poor, plodding, unknown artist, fitted up a studio next to the room where Mrs. Goodrich and Helene lodged, he speedily became interested in his young neighbor, whose graceful manners and brilliant beauty rendered her such a startling contrast to her plain, elderly, consumptive companion. After a time he made the acquaintance of the two, and his acquaintance with Helene deepened when he learned her history, and discovered how wonderfully superior was her intellectual development to girls of her age, and under what adverse circumstances her self-improvement had progressed. He offered to superintend her reading, and to obtain her a membership of some better library; proposals gladly accepted by both women; by the younger in mere joy at being enabled to add to her mental achievements; by the elder, because she privately confided to Mr. Gillette that Helene would never be able to do so well as the friendless girl as well fitted as possible to care for herself.

Helene was not quite fifteen when Mrs. Goodrich died, and the only relative of the lonely, reserved woman, her brother, came and carried her body to a resting-place in a quiet New England cemetery, grumbling at the expense made him by a woman, who "hadn't never done anybody any good." But the girl lived on in her attic lodging, working hard to pay her rent, and earning daily enough milk and bread, or rice, or oat-meat, wherewith to satisfy her hunger; and pursuing, under the artist's supervision, a thorough course of historical and scientific reading, combined with books of travel and essays, and tastes of the best fiction and poetry. Lucien could not limit her to any one study, being utterly futile to surmise what the girl would become. Her own ambition was to go upon the stage. But though she was, in life's experiences, so much wiser than her actual age, she would not have been bitter adversity and toil to accomplish her ends, her guardian, from time to time dissuaded her from forming any settled plans concerning her life, urging that she was yet a child, and need not be in haste to decide upon her future.

Hand-hoped, indeed, that, in time, he might find for her generous friends and a suitable home. For he cared for her tenderly. If she had been his daughter, Gillette thought he could scarcely have loved Helene better, and it pained him to think of letting the young beauty drift through life without a sincere friend to advise, no honest love to shelter her.

But, at last, that mysterious agency which the good look upon as the workings of Providence, and the goddess ascribe to Chance, and both call Fate, had taken Sydney Trefethen, the son of Lucien Gillette's hands; and he could not cease wondering whether the destiny marked off for her was more a matter of gladness or regret.

Certainly, Sydney, at that moment listening to Mr. Trefethen's half-cynical, half-kind hints concerning her *entrée* into society, would have indignantly rejected the latter hypothesis. Life looked very rose-hued to her now. Poor, lovely Sydney! She had known many a physical trial, and cultural and social, and even of some Spartan race; but the exceeding bitterness of heart-sickness and mental anguish she had yet to learn.

"There, petite! See how brief a synopsis of my lecture you can give me," concluded the elderly man, with a hearty, hearty handshake, and a gallant and imperious according to the changing of his moods.

Sydney laughed merrily, and commenced to tell off the points upon the pretty figures that new work she had been studying.

"I am to consider myself the same as your daughter. I am to call you father. I am not to be in any way dependent upon Mrs. St. Martyn. I am to dine with you twice a week. I am to be happy, and—well—I know you want to be him, pale to you, and I hope I shall be! No one shall say I am a discredit to the position in which you are so kind as to place me!"

"Brava! Now, if you please, will you go to Mrs. Wallace's room until I send for you? I see that Mr. St. Martyn is in a carriage, and I wish a few words with her alone."

Sydney hurried to the housekeeper's parlor and waited there in a fever of excitement until she should be summoned to meet the lady whose home she was henceforth to share. It seemed here, here, Fritz brought the message that Mrs. St. Martyn wished to see her. She walked swiftly back along the corridor, and into the great parlor the waiter designated, and stood alone in Elinor's presence.

Mrs. St. Martyn, that where Mr. Trefethen had left her, it being his whim that his *protégée* and her chaperone should make each other's acquaintance unaccompanied; but as the girl entered the apartment she arose, and took a hasty step forward, and with a grace as unstudied and girlish as Miss Trefethen's own, took the young stranger's flushed cheeks between her hands and pressed a warm kiss upon her fair brow.

"Thank you!" said Sydney, with bewitching dignity and pleased smile.

The lady nodded her hands and started back, her fine eyes scanning Sydney's face. It would have been hard to tell which woman most admired the other, save that in the younger's regard was no mixture of sentiments. Her appreciation of the elegant Mrs. St. Martyn's beauty was honest and unadorned. While the eyes that searched the orphan's face held strangely-varying emotions.

"Well!" said Sydney, after a moment, with a little ripple of laughter. "Do I frighten you?"

"Do I look frightened?" replied Elinor.

"Almost, yes; as if you had seen a wraith."

"And yet one could scarcely accuse you of resembling such an unsubstantial creature," smiled the lady. "But you remind me of a friend."

Then changing the subject, she asked, abruptly, "Why has your dress no trimming upon it?"

Sydney flushed resentfully, as she always did under singularly personal questions.

"For several reasons," she replied, gravely.

"Would you mind telling me what they are? They may help me to become acquainted with some of your tastes," said Elinor, gently, regarding with pleased glance the beautiful figure in its absolutely plain black dress.

"I could not afford a dress often, and needed to conform to it to my means and style; and no amount of trimming could alter the cheapness of the goods. On the contrary, it seemed to me that perfect plainness invested it with a certain dignity."

Even now, as he walked along Broadway toward the neat studio he was fitting up within easy access of his club and his new lodgings, his veins thrilled less with excitement at thought of the added celebrity the day had brought him, and more with the remembrance of one waltz in Mrs. Jerrill's ball-room.

Gillette had used his brush for the last time in the attic painting-room where his two splendid pictures had sprung into being with Sydney Trefethen for a reality and Elinor St. Martyn for a memory; and deserted, also, was the little room next it, where the charity-child had worked, and waited, and dreamed, through four years of her life; a short life counted by lustre but long in the courage and endurance it had developed and the achievements it had held.

While in the asylum, Sydney had attained the highest rank possible in its school, and had advanced far beyond any of the other scholars

ate. And now, if you will be so kind as to get on your wraps, I should like to take you immediately to your new home."

"And what does Madame St. Martyn think of my heiress?" asked Mr. Trefethen, coming into the room as Sydney left it.

"I am pleased with her, Mr. Trefethen. Very pleased. Wait though she was, she could never have sprung from low ancestry. She has all the instincts of a gentlewoman, the tastes of an artist, and a quickness and delicacy of intellectual perception that are remarkable."

The old gentleman was delighted with his visitor's enthusiasm.

"She has been trained by an artist," he said, meaningly.

"Yes, and a fine man; but he is not responsible for the girl's high-strung nature, and inborn pride, and fine mental powers."

"What masters will she need?"

"Conversational, she is more proficient in French than half the French graduates, but I think she might study it still and take music; perhaps a few finishing lessons in dancing. She cannot do more in view of the demand that will be made upon her time as soon as she comes out."

"And what plan do you propose to pursue in regard to her *début*?"

"For one week I shall keep her in strict seclusion. Then I will bring her to dine with you. And, after that, you must come to a 'breakfast' with us, to which I shall invite a select company. After which I intend giving a series of private balls, at the first of which Sydney shall be formally presented to society."

The Frenchman nodded his assent to this plan, and concluded the conference with the suggestion that he should invite a few persons to dine with Sydney and her chaperone at his house.

"Perhaps Mrs. St. Martyn will kindly suggest half a dozen names," he added gallantly.

"I should mention the Gilruths and Mr. Gillette, only," said Elinor, smiling, "since Sydney will be rather on trial."

"Very good, madame," assented Mr. Trefethen, just as his daughter joined them. "Ah, my petite, you are really off for fairy-land!"



"My niece can scarcely regard my daughter, my adopted daughter"—emphasizing the words, pointedly—"as a daughter. My part of the Trefethen estates in France, Beatrix will of course inherit. My personal property in this country, I shall dispose of as pleases me; and I understand, thoroughly, how to punish any one who shall so far forget good-breeding as to slight my word."

"It is impossible that any one could do that," said Griffiths, gracefully. "Miss Trefethen is a charming lady."

"Certainly! certainly!" assented the judge, and the announcement of dinner terminated the slight unpleasantness upon which the trio had drifted.

"Guardy, aren't you coming to see me soon?" asked Sydney, when the guests were about making their adieu.

"I shall come to Mrs. St. Martyn's 'breakfast,' yes."

"Ah, but that seems so far away! nearly a week! You must come to luncheon sooner; I am so lonely without you!"

"Are you not happy, little girl?"

"Happy, oh, yes! But I miss my father confessor! Then I want to hear all about yourself, and the new home and studio!"

"Mrs. St. Martyn will bring you to see that, I hope," turning to Elinor, who was coming toward them.

"To your studio? I should be pleased to do so."

"And the pictures, Guardy," continued Sydney. "Aren't you lonely with them gone? What do you work on, now? Have they been sold?"

"Yes!"

"Oh! Who bought them?"

"Mr. Trefethen. He concluded the purchase of them to-day; as my agent told me."

"Oh! with prolonged emphasis. 'Is not that nice, Mrs. St. Martyn?'"

"I can scarcely agree with you," answered Elinor, gravely. "I was so anxious to possess them myself, that it will be a matter of serious regret to me to have them in any other parlor than mine. Cannot you persuade Mr. Gillette that I shall consider it a great honor if he will make me a copy of 'Womanhood' at any price?"

"Of course he will!" laughed Miss Trefethen. "Why should he not? Why did he not sell you the pictures?"

Elinor's eyes met Lucien's and seemed to repeat the question, but there was a look upon the artist's face that startled her. She could not define it, and hesitated to change the subject; but, more than ever, Gillette's attitude toward herself baffled her. And it was not until the morning of her "breakfast" that they again met, despite Sydney's expectation of an earlier visit from her friend.

That entertainment was a pleasant affair, and settled beyond doubt that Miss Trefethen's entrance into society would prove a success. The girl's beauty and liveliness found friends for her rapidly, while Mrs. St. Martyn's chaperone, and the rumor that steadily gained ground that she was not only the adopted daughter but the heiress of the eccentric old Frenchman, gave her prestige.

"Really, Mrs. St. Martyn, you have taken us all by storm with this *triope* of yours," laughed Ralph Webb. "And, oddly enough, I cannot rid myself of the impression that I have seen her before; and find myself trying to remember where."

"Perhaps I can assist your memory," remarked Mrs. St. Martyn, with smiling composure. "Have you not seen Mr. Gillette's picture, Maidenhood? Miss Trefethen's features and beauty are reproduced there, though not quite her expression."

"Of course! How stupid of me not to think of that! I recollect perfectly the young girl in the painting, and that her style is identical with Miss Trefethen's."

"I understand that Octavien Trefethen has paid twenty thousand dollars for the pair of pictures," observed Colonel Russell. "I presume Gillette thinks his fortune made. But the old gentleman must have bought them from some strange whim—perhaps the resemblance of the faces to this little beauty he has adopted; no one else would have paid such a sum. I cannot agree with the bravos of the public, and the flattery of the art-critics, that proclaim those two paintings such masterpieces."

"No doubt your artistic discrimination is very nice, colonel; but I have been foolish enough to offer more than ten thousand dollars for a copy of the second picture of the pair," said Elinor's clear, cool voice. "It was a matter of deep regret to me that I failed to secure this painting."

"Mr. Trefethen! This Gillette has friends!" exclaimed the colonel, with a light laugh.

"And never man deserved them more!" replied Mr. Webb, warmly. "Years ago his every prospect in life was blighted. Instead of dreaming over his betrayed love and shipwrecked hopes, like a sentimental idiot, he determined to fight fate and his own heart. Without money, influence, or friends, he started upon his new career. There was no one to encourage him—not one in all the world to smile with love and pride upon him if he mastered circumstances, and developed genius, and conquered fate, as other men's mothers, and sisters, and sweethearts smile upon them for any good achieved; and yet he persevered in his undertaking, and stands before the world a man to be honored. He has acquired a rapid fame at the last, but not undeserved; for he has toiled long and faithfully at his profession, and endured physical privations of which we cannot dream before he reaped the smallest recompense for his work; though his genius, by teachers abroad, had long been conceded."

"Quite a romance!" said Griffiths Gilruth, lightly, while Elinor's cheeks and lustrous eyes betrayed her intense interest in what she had heard.

"Yes, quite!" retorted Mr. Webb, placidly. "And I have told you actually all that I know, so spare me any questions, please."

"Why that is curious," Mrs. St. Martyn is the only lady who has heard your story, and we know that she is superior to the foibles of her sex."

"Do we?" asked Colonel Russell, in a meaning undertone. "Did you not notice how her eyes flamed, and how she colored, when she discoursed this paragon, Gillette? Such betrayals of interest are new for the stately lady."

"Mrs. St. Martyn is in a position where she can well afford to take an interest in struggling genius, and assist it, if she chooses, without betraying herself open to any supremely foolish suspicions," replied Griffiths, coolly dismissing the subject.

But the annoyance the colonel's words had engendered was not as easily disposed of; it being increased later, when, after the other guests had departed, and Griffiths had indulged in a delicious half-hour of flirtation with Sydney, the couple found Elinor and Gillette in Mrs. St. Martyn's favorite ebony and amber parlor, conversing as genially as old friends. Elinor's attitude—her head leaning against the jetty velvet that bordered the back of a low luxurious lounging-chair, and hands folded idly in her lap—expressing perfect rest and contentment; while Lucien sat easily among the satin cushions of a Turkish lounge, one arm thrown lightly about little Myra, who nestled at his side.

"Why, Myra! I'm jealous of you!" exclaimed Sydney, laughing, as she entered the *salon*.

"You need not be, little girl," responded Gillette, smiling.

"How tenderly he called her that; and how happy his face was as he made a place for her at his side. Elinor's heart gave a passionate, rebellious throb. Why was this man so loved? And why did she seem more alone in the world than the tiny Myra and the beautiful orphan? She turned to Griffiths with a mad desire to read devotion to her in his eyes at least. Instead, he, too, watched the happy group upon the lounge, half-piqued that the girl who had coquetted with him so deliciously a moment since could turn to this man with such warm affection and utter forgetfulness of any other.

Elinor's rising was a sign for the dispersing of

the party; and her manner, as she shook hands with the artist, was quite changed from that which had so charmed him as they sat and looked in each other's eyes and talked like near companions. Again she was the splendid, wealthy, haughty Mrs. St. Martyn.

Sydney, will you go down with Mr. Gillette? I think he will excuse me—I have to devote a half-hour now to business, if my counselor can spare me that time."

"Certainly," said Gilruth, seating himself, but with perceptible indifference in his tone. "Something is to be done with the boy?"

"Is he grieving because I sent his pretty cousin away?"

"Nonsense, Elinor! It only annoys me that I am always disappointed in what I am constantly seeking to discover—that I am any more to you than any other man!"

"Not jealous, Griffiths!" Then suddenly arising, and standing before him with grave face and clasped hands, she said, calmly: "You ought to know your own mind, and not let other men, for you are my betrothed husband!"

In an instant Gilruth's arms were about her waist, and his passionate, warm brown eyes looked into hers.

"My darling Elinor! My queen!" he said, pressing a few slow, burning kisses upon her lips and brow.

The beauty submitted to the caress rather than returned it. There was no answering emotion, only a half-kindly acceptance of the passion which was upon her.

"There, Griffiths! kissing him, at last, as calmly as she would have kissed Sydney. 'Now let us turn our attention to business. Surely, you have some news for me, to-day. I sickened of this suspense.'

"So little, and so little promise of obtaining more, that there might almost as well be none. That Canton has completely escaped us! I fear we shall be obliged to drop the whole affair, unless we hear from one of our advertisements soon. And I shall be glad. I do not like you to be worrying over it."

"It must not drop!" said Elinor, imperiously. "With experienced detectives, surely we ought not to be quite baffled. What have you learned?"

What further of Mrs. Letromne's history had been discovered, was soon told. With a providence unusual to their profession, she and her husband appeared to have accumulated a comfortable little fortune. The latter had died in California, she continued to live in New Orleans, where she lived a comparatively private life, frequenting the theaters, and talking politics with the city officials who came by degrees to make her rooms a rendezvous. She was said to be a brilliant conversationalist, and devoted all her talents to political intrigues. But her health was delicate, and at last her physician confessed to her that her lungs were badly diseased, and she must soon die. From that time she lost interest in politics and her political associates, became gloomy and reserved, and suddenly gave up her room, drew considerable money, and started for New York. Once after, she telegraphed to a gentleman in New Orleans for money.

"That is the extent of the information we obtained there. Now the people she lived with, nor one of the political comrades she gathered about her, knew more of her history than we do now. I have sent an agent to California, but I fear with little success."

"And the ones that sleep?"

"Miss Dora has been kept under strict espionage. But her ways are serene and above suspicion. If you still wish it, I will have one of my men secure board there, though, really, I think your dislike of that girl is groundless."

"I do wish it," said Elinor, decidedly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 486.)

## THEMES OF LONG.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Where shall the minstrel find a theme?

Where'er a rock doth rear its head,

Where the panther makes his nightly bed,

And winds thro' the tree-tops moan—

Where a monument points to heaven,

Thro' sunshine and thro' storm,

Showering its rays of friendship given

To some brave, true heart warm—

Where a mighty one hath been laid low,

In his glory and renown,

With the wreath of fame upon his brow,

A fadless laurel crown—

Where a cottage hearth hath stood,

That now in ruin lies,

A shrine of beauty, pure and good,

That hath witnessed fond heart-sighs—

By a wanderer's lonely grave,

Afar from the haunts of men;

Where murmuring pine-trees wave,

In a lonely forest glen—

On the tented battle-plain,

Where sentinels their vigils keep,

Mid the wounded and the slain,

And the dead ones that sleep—

There may the themes of song be heard,

When the battle is won and won,

And the soldiers' hearts within are stirred

At the glorious deeds that are done.

Stream after stream glides swiftly on

To the ocean broad and vast;

So like bright deeds, in kindness done,

On earth forever last.

## A Woman's Pride.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

"RACHEL CHENEVIX!"

"I mean just what I say." I delivered myself

curtly of this reply to my aunt's horrified

exclamation of my name standing in her cham-

ber doorway, my bonnet and shawl still on, my

figure drawn to its height and my features fixed

in the firm lines of resolution. I was quite

calm; the determination I had come to was

rather soothing than exciting. Anything, in

fact, that I had to do, I had resolved to do

such years as I had spent, consumed by a de-

vorating monotony, a crushing, sickening de-

feat. The time had come when struggle was easier

than acquiescence. I had put aside stonily the

disappointment I had endured, and had gone

single-handed to work to defeat defeat.

Aunt Rachel examined me with a kind of

alarm, looking up from the newspaper she

grasped in both hands. Good, quiet soul, it had

never vexed her much to quit the life of rest-

less, tranquil, and contentment she had, for this

of gloomed but pinching poverty, we were lead-

ing; but, to me, the change had been like the

slit in a vein through which life slips slowly but

surely away.

"An intelligent, middle-aged woman?" My

aunt spoke the words as though they petrified,

dropping from her lips. She was quoting

from an advertisement in the paper, which I

had handed her with the information that I had

applied for letter for the situation of "companion"

specifically noting the "wants." "Oh, Rachel!"

she concluded, in a distressed tone.

"You don't mean to imply that I'm not intel-

ligent?" I asked, with a sort of bitter levity;

"that would be a reflection upon Madame

Grandville's diploma. As, I was half fifty yesterday," and a smile froze upon

my features as I looked fixedly into the glass

opposite.

Aunt Rachel sighed; it worried her so to see

me in these exasperated moods.

"You don't know what you're undertaking,"

she said, faintly.

"I shall find out," was my prompt answer.

"I know it's dull for you here," she contin-

ued, in a pleading tone, "but then we are inde-

pendent, and we have every necessary. By

facing into a strange family as the 'companion'

of an invalid you will subject yourself to all

sorts of slights and annoyances, besides having

to work for strangers, which is a great deal

harder than working for one's self. Oh, Rachel, I never did think you would do such a thing!"

My poor aunt was getting hysterical. It seemed that she had taken up the burden of sensitivity and pride which I had so suddenly and scornfully flung down. I did not answer her complaints; they had roused my recollections, and thought was leaping along the tumultuous current of the past, wholly un mindful for the moment of the present.

"Five years!" I muttered, below my breath. It was five years since I had stood in the heyday of youth and beauty and success, before my mirror, and swept back the folds of my rose-colored gown, and settled my hair with a flourish of exultation, that my lot in life could hardly be more dazzling and delightful.

Strange, mocking thought for one standing that very moment upon the brink of mortal disaffection and disaster! How well I remember the Rachel Chenevix whom the mirror reflected that night; tall, sparkling, imperiously molded—ah! I might well remember.

While I stood there, a film had seemed of a sudden to go over the mirror, setting into the shadows a gray, haggard face. I had turned with a start, and found my father standing at the door.

"Did I frighten you, Ralie?" he asked, with a little, nervous laugh.

"Why, no. But, papa," a faint, forbidding feeling coming over me, "are you sick?"

"No; not at all, not at all," he said, in an annoyed, impatient way. Then he stroked his forehead.

"Are you going out to-night?" he tried evidently to rally, but there was something convulsive in his tone.

"Yes. To Mrs. Van Lee's, you know."

"Oh, of course. Well—" he turned as if to go away. I saw that he staggered.

"What has happened? What ails you?"

He looked at me vaguely, as though he but half understood me. Then, seeming to take in my dress and ornaments, a miserable smile, which was more a contortion than a smile, crossed his face.

"That is right," he said, with a hysterical chuckle. "Hold your head up with the best of them, Ralie. You can do it a little longer."

taking my hands into his, which were clammy with perspiration, he said, in a hoarse, excited voice, and flinging my hands from him, fairly flying along the passage to his room and shutting his door sharply.

I stood a moment bewildered before I followed; then I knocked on his door. There was no answer, and I went in to let him know that I was there, to allow me to stay with him; getting all unnerved myself, with alarm. By-and-by he answered, hoarsely:

"Go away, go; I can't be so worried to-night. Wait a moment, in a kinder tone."

"Good-night, Ralie."

Only for one thing I am sure I should not have gone from home that night. But my motive was irresistible. I went back to my dressing-room and sat down to write. Upon this, however, was but one conclusion before me; there could be but one construction of his agitation. I can't tell how it was that my instinct assured me of this; but there was a hot pressure upon my brain, and whispers seemed to be stinging my ears, and a phantom of a man with the news: "Your million of money is gone."

I was practical and worldly enough to know the value of money well; and yet, with this conviction of its loss fastened upon me, and with the best of them came into my mind, and then with a blind, contradictory kind of determination, to go to Mrs. Van Lee's ball. I put my wrappings around me and went again to my father's door. There was no answer. I could not hear a stir. I sifted the dread I felt, some way, sent word to aunt Rachel that I was ready, and we drove off.

I was very gay that night. Every once in a while the thought of what my wretched father had said about holding my head up with the best of them came into my mind, and then with a feeling of hysterical defiance I laughed louder and gave myself up more completely than ever to excitement and frivolity.

I can confess now, without emotion, that it was Cassel Wayne who brought me to that ball. I had heard some report about his going away from the country, that day, which had served to make me realize what I had not realized before, that I was in love with him. With a pang I reproached myself for having trifled with him so long, and been so cold and so unkind.

At once generous and selfish I determined that night to show him the truth. But the evening wore away and Cassel Wayne kept aloof from me. I had a distant bow from him as I danced with him, but he never spoke to me, and I never saw him again until the next morning, when he came to my room, and with an impulse at once generous and selfish I determined that night to show him the truth. But the evening wore away and Cassel Wayne kept aloof from me. I had a distant bow from him as I danced with him, but he never spoke to me, and I never saw him again until the next morning, when he came to my room, and with an impulse at once generous and selfish I determined that night to show him the truth. But the evening wore away and Cassel Wayne kept aloof from me. 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suffering, he was deadly pale and his features quivered. I saw plainly enough that the lava of his common look had been molten passion. The mood was brief, electrical, and commanded in a moment. Before the doctor came he had resumed his frozen calm.

When the physician had examined his patient, he whispered with Mr. Dallas for a few minutes. Standing aside and noting the looks of portent cast toward the bed, for the first time the thought of Mrs. Dallas's death crossed my mind. Another thought followed that, which I cannot explain. It was a thought which I at once put aside: not that I was too good, but only too proud to entertain it. I was not good—that is not morally strong, in those days. Disappointment had developed the worst of me. My heroism and self-denial were weak. My prayers for bread—for such things, I mean, as my nature absolutely required—had been answered by stones, too long.

Mr. Dallas watched with his wife that night. I say he watched; he sat there motionless, in a great bay of shadow left by the faint night-lamp; his arms resting upon a small desk, his face buried in his hands, while I went quietly to and fro, answering the invalid's moaning, querulous demands.

Witnessing this unjust repression, this apparent torture of self-reproach, I could not help thinking of the hint Mrs. Grymes had uttered of Mr. Dallas's being some way to blame for his wife's condition. I argued that any common accident or sickness, with such results, was not naturally a frequent topic. That reticence argued ill. It was strange, moreover, that neither guests nor friends ever came to the house with inquiries. Could it be possible that there was concealment, or crime, in this matter? I shuddered.

Mrs. Dallas got better; better, that is, if there are degrees of comparison in such a condition as hers. The days wore away. The holiday week was over. One night, coming at the usual hour to the room, Mr. Dallas found his wife asleep. It was a wild, stormy night; I sat by the window reading; and knowing that Mrs. Dallas would require some attention when she woke, did not leave my place on her husband's entrance.

He sat down before the fire without speaking. It grew quite dark; I ceased to turn the pages of my book, and Mrs. Dallas still slept. At last I asked:

"Shall I get a light?"  
"No," he said, "it would disturb her."  
Then there was another silence, which, by-and-by, he broke:

"This is a strange position, Miss Cheney, which you are choosing to fill."

"It is hardly a matter of choice," I answered.

"I dare say not," in a restless voice. Then he added, confusedly, "I wish it were different—I wish it were possible."

He stopped, and I made no further reply. He had been meaning to speak to you for several days. "I wish it were different—I wish it were possible."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Dallas. I do not remember to have expressed any dissatisfaction with the terms of my engagement."

He appeared to master his short embarrassment.

"You don't understand me?" he said, with the tone of pity in which one humors a child; "but you can't suppose I am blind, or that my feelings are so wholly blunted that it does not make me heartily sick to see you wasting your young life here in this sick-room, which has victims enough already."

He paused a little.

"I reproach myself, Miss Cheney, for permitting such a sacrifice," he added, "but you must know that you in no way resemble the sort of person for whom I advertised."

"If I do not suit you, I wish you would tell me so directly, Mr. Dallas."

"I wish to be plain with you," he said, not heeding the tact which I spoke, and with such a dreary sadness in his voice that it touched my cold heart to the core. "When you came, I inferred that you had sought the situation from necessity; I have suffered too much myself not to be anxious to spare the sufferer, when I know that you in no way resemble the sort of person for whom I advertised."

"This is too hard; she must not stay here," I made inquiries for other situations among those who were once my acquaintances and friends, and succeeded in learning of one which you are well adapted to fill, with my duty to you, and I am glad I have done it; his voice shook nervously. "Only—only I meant to say— But decide first, Miss Cheney."

I hesitated a little.

"I will stay for this year, if you wish it, Mr. Dallas," I had not the heart to answer him otherwise.

He sighed:

"I thank you. You pity me."

"I have not presumed to do anything of the kind."

He got up, not noticing my answer, and walked slowly across the dusky room to where I sat.

"I was going to say—" he laid his thin hand on the back of my chair, dropping his voice, "You see what my life is, Miss Cheney. It is in your power to alter it; to crown it with happiness. Would this be worth your while?"

I looked at him coldly; afterward I was glad that he could have seen that I thought his words equivocal, and that I was not moved.

"I have a child," he went on, huskily, "a little girl; I have never been able to have her with me, you will understand why, although my heart is bound up in her. Money will not purchase the services of such a person as I could intrust Almée to."

"Do you see for what I should have to thank you?"

"There need be no sense of obligation, Mr. Dallas. If I was relieved from some of my duties to your wife, I should have plenty of time to attend to your daughter."

He stooped and took my hand up, but dropped it suddenly, as though the touch had hurt him.

"I only meant to say, God bless you," he stammered, "that is all," then feeling his way along through the darkness, he stole out of the room.

In a few weeks Almée came—oh, Almée, darling! with her royal, golden-haired head, and coral mouth, ivory shoulders and lovely eyes, when I think what came of thy coming! But I must not anticipate.

Betsy was now installed, subject to my supervision, as Mrs. Dallas's nurse. I slept with Almée; walked with her; taught her; and above all adored her. Never was child more worthily loved, more aptly named. She lived girdled with idolatries, dowered with devotions.

I was very cautious—perhaps I was worried by some accusing instinct—very cautious that the child should not form a link between the fa-

ther and me. I never lingered when I had given her from my arms to his, never by any device asked either for gratitude or sympathy. With this one spot of sunshine, I was content to leave the rest of my life in shadow. I have spoken of Almée's being a baby; she was very tiny, very fragile; she was, however, ten years old.

The winter passed quickly, then the spring, without any more changes. It was one morning in early June, a glided, scented, delightful day, that having read Mrs. Dallas to sleep—for even in her insensible condition reading always soothed her—I had closed the book softly, and was on my way down-stairs to look after Almée, when such a sharp, piercing shriek rang through the quiet house that my blood seemed to curdle.

I sprang down-stairs and heading into the library, from whence the sounds had come. Mr. Dallas was there before me, and Almée lay lifeless in his arms. She had fallen from the portable steps by which the highest book-shelves were reached, and as we found when she revived from her faint, had dislocated her shoulder-joint. Hardly knowing what I did, I took the child from her father, and sunk into a seat with her in my arms.

As soon as possible the doctor was brought. I held the poor, beautiful, broken flower in my arms, and the joint was set, and swathed and tried to comfort her afterward, unwilling to give her up even for a moment's rest, all that long day. Sometimes her father came and begged to take her, but she moaned and clung to me, and I could not resist her.

During the past months a tacit, inevitable intimacy had sprung up between Mr. Dallas and myself; a craving on his part for sympathy, which asked deeds rather than words—a confidence which accepted all my suggestions; and on my part, the sense of guarding and benefiting, which comes when a woman has it in her power to pity, while she still respects a man.

In spite of me, Almée had been a link between us. If my heart had not been quite dead—quite dead since the night I saw the cold good-bye to Cassel Wayne and went home to such a hideous greeting, I might have feared the results of this intimacy, for Mr. Dallas, chivalrous, educated, with his sad, entreating eyes, and in the dreamy, distorting medium of illusion in which we lived, was especially a man to stir the heart of a woman who had looked at life incisively as I. But to such things, I repeat, I was dead; my memories were cased in ice.

It was after sundown that day, that he sat there, beside Almée and me, for I had not yet removed her from the library. The windows were wide open; the sweet, warm air stole in; the pale lady's eyes, in the picture, brooded over us.

Mr. Dallas looked old that night; wearily in want of affection and care; his face showed how hollow his life was; his eyes were like hungry souls.

Almée, after hours of restlessness, had fallen asleep. We listened together to her soft breathing. There was over all an excess of stillness, a breathless hush, which in nature always precedes agitation. We sat so for perhaps a half-hour. I saw strange, convulsive changes cross Mr. Dallas's face; his head drooped suddenly; he burst out hoarsely:

"Pity me, Rachel Cheney, with a great sob, 'pity my life,' then more brokenly: 'my temptation,' bowing his head.

I felt my limbs shaking; even I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering, but I made no answer.

"It is no use," his voice shivered along on one key. "I have tried—tried—God knows—"

"Hush!" I said, in a tone of supplication.

"No use," he repeated, stonily.

"I know myself for knowing what he meant."

"There is always use in struggling to do right," I said, sharply, with self-distrust.

"Yes—yes—I know what you would say. Night and day I have heard you saying it," in an abrupt tone, and then rousing, speaking with indignation, "And yet the law does not bind me. There is no law which would not allow me a wife; my child a mother," remonstrating, it seemed, with his own remonstrances.

I crouched down against Almée. Do not mistake me; I do not love her. I was not the woman to love again. But have you never felt circumstances tightening like cords about you, and feeling as though they would drag you away? This man's lonely, blighted, accursed life gained an uncomprehended power over me. Yet I never thought—do me that justice, and his voice broke again; "I never thought but that I should resist this temptation, but that I should resist you."

The twigs twisted around me. I gasped for breath, and I said, "You are not alone."

"Not any more; do not torture me any more."

He mistook me. His arm was flung around me and the child.

"I hurt you, Rachel! You, too, love me? You have been cold and silent because you thought it was right to be so?" in an eager, rapid tone.

"No—not that," I tried to say.

His head sunk upon my shoulder. Two or three sobs convulsed him. As for me, body and soul were alike dumb.

"You are not thinking that I wrong you, Rachel?" he asked, in a choking tone. "You know I have the right to tell you this. I have thought—thought—till my brain burned, about it. It is so easy to reason when we do not feel." His words stumbled, crowding out like an excited throng through a narrow way.

"Have I failed to give her all I could? She has been dead to me so many years."

His head, bent and throbbing, pressed against my breast. His arm clung and tightened about me and Almée. My heart was cold to him, but I will not deny that I was somewhat tempted; that I felt a kind of exaltation in my power. Love had cheered me; I was warmer than I had been; I had within my grasp such other things as are worth while living for. I looked at it practically; and meantime, I felt the throb of Norman Dallas's burning temples, and his breath like a flame, and the piteous passion of his eyes. I never thought to me to deny his impoverished life what they asked of me; and the child, that we both loved so, slept in my arms.

There occurred then one of those singular thought-transits which are the mechanism of fate. With a suddenness which I was not prepared for, I was reminded of the past, and contrasting it with the possible future; but vaguely, while I hesitated, my eyes settled upon the shadowed portrait above the mantle, and so peculiar was the impression that, without a moment's thought as to the disconnection of the question with the circumstances, I asked, suddenly:

"Who is that, Mr. Dallas?"

He started, half-rose, as though from my tone he thought I must have seen at least something more than a familiar picture, and in the twilight the sad eyes bent, burning, on him, as they had before me.

"You know, surely, Miss Cheney," speaking my name involuntarily, with somewhat of the formality of our usual intercourse.

"No."

He pressed his hands to his face and shivered; staggering away from my side.

"You do well to remind me," he shuddered. "What business have I got with happiness? Why should another woman ever trust me? Rachel, pity me." The sad dignity came back, freezing the lines of his face. "You see what my wife was. Can you believe that I made her what she is and that I can so far forget it as to have sought the love of another woman?"

Mr. Dallas?

He crouched among the shadows, burying his face in his hands.

"What have I been saying to you?"

"Nothing that is not readily forgotten."

He struggled a moment for composure.

"She was as you see her there when I married her. She had one year of happiness, of too great happiness for belief. During that year

Almée was born. One day, just a few weeks after, Marian was to go out for the first time since her illness for a ride. The horses I owned were young, mettlesome, hardly broken, many said unsafe; and my wife asked me not to drive them that day. She was nervous and timid, she said. I was a little vexed at her want of confidence, for I was a skillful horseman, and ridiculed her fears. She gave up at once; oh, Rachel, to think she should have given up; should have accepted her awful fate at my hand with such tender humility!" He stopped at a title.

"From that day to this," he went on, "I have never had courage to relate what came. The horses became frightened and unmanageable. I have sometimes thought if she had not intervened, she would have been dashed to my arms it might have been different; but that is hard to say. They backed, plunging so that I dared not tell her to jump. We went over a steep bank, down into the canal at the base, dislodging rocks, roots, torrents of sand. I had my arm about her, making supernatural efforts to save her, but we were inextricably tangled in the debris. When I recovered my consciousness hours had elapsed. I was here, at home; they told me my wife was dying. Oh, how I prayed for her life, for her life at any cost, madly, almost blasphemously! Little thinking—how could I think—of how it was. Well, she lived, mangled, torn, the great nerve-centers wrenched away, the brain softening from its injuries, the highest victims of the skeleton ailments which her frame had accumulated year by year. She lived. My prayer was answered."

He was pacing the floor; he stopped and wiped the thick beads of sweat from his face. Then he turned and confronted me sharply.

"What do you think, now, that I love her?"

"Not less than your life," I answered.

"So I have thought. I have made her fate my first and last consideration. I have immolated myself to loneliness lest I should be tempted to forget. I have tried to expiate the wrong I did her by sharing, as far as I could, her wretched fate. And, you see, even here in my seclusion I could not guard against temptation; against failure. Rachel Cheney, it was not my fault that you came here. The reproach was wrung from his struggle. "Forgive me," he added, in a moment; "I ought to bless, not reproach you; another woman, maybe, would not have said and done what you have."

"I forgive you. I do not deserve any credit."

The child in my arms was stirring; I lulled and stilled her. Mr. Dallas sat down by me again.

"I want you to go away from here, Rachel," he said, kindly, "but not that I fear for myself any more. I have nothing to do with love. But you are young and handsome; this is no life for you to lead."

I was glad to have him say this. I felt as if I had troubled the sacredness of this house.

"Yes," he added, anxiously.

"When this promise was asked and given, we thought of the time and the events which were to transpire before Almée's death."

The child had an exquisitely nervous organization; pain and confinement fretted her into a low, consuming fever which sapped the vitality requisite to the healing of the fracture. Day after day, when Mr. Dallas's wife was in the house, she would visit the place which had been the scene of so much suffering and distress and see how far the inhabitants had recovered from its effects. And adding that his name was George Washington, he declared that to see the people happy and the farms prospering, and to meet with his old companions now peacefully engaged in the most useful of all employments, afforded him more satisfaction than all the homage that could be paid to his person or station.

NILSSON'S LITTLE FIDDLE.

Mrs. CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD and her husband live very quietly in London. The prima donna on the days on which she is to sing is inexorable as regards invitations, always remaining in absolute seclusion, with the exception of an hour's drive with M. Rouzaud. The pair are heartily devoted to each other and most happy in their home. Madame Rouzaud most enjoys the theater and gives many a spare evening to its pleasures. Among the fair woman's possessions, the chief treasure, says the *London World*, is a little box containing the earliest musical instrument with which she was acquainted. It is a cheap, plain fiddle, cracked and stringless, a sorry specimen indeed. Lifting it daintily, she says: "I love the violin, and would play it every day if I were permitted to do so, but I am not permitted."

That the constrained attitude and the powerful vibration would by no means improve either my physical or musical tone for the evening. But I regret the violin nevertheless, and love this one very much indeed; for it is the instrument I played on at fairs round the country to help my people to money while I was yet a little child. I am, as you hear, a peasant born, and am proud of it; and the fair hand is flung back, the blue eyes throw out a brighter ray, and the soft curls are shaken.

ROBBERS AND BRIGANDS.

We sometimes hear expressions of surprise at the existence of organized bands of road-agents, brigands, horse and cattle-thieves and robbers that exist and flourish in the far West; but seem to forget that even in Europe, at this present moment, such bands are openly defying all efforts at their suppression, or, if one band is dispersed, another takes its place. A secret society of malefactors called Frattuzzi has recently been broken up at Palermo, Italy. It was duly organized under one chief, with subdivisions of labor, a council of directors, and its own physician, notary, councilors, and apothecary. An oath bound the members to mutual defense and succor, and all infringements of the rules were punished with death. The rites of admission were horrible. The finger of the candidate was punctured, and with the blood issuing from the wound the image of some saint was sprinkled, and the image was then burned and the ashes were scattered to the winds. The neophyte was afterward conducted to a hall wherein was placed a crucifix. The candidate was stationed opposite to it. A pistol was put in his hand, and he was required to fire at the crucifix. It is supposed that the man who shoots at the image of the crucified Redeemer will have no scruple in killing his father, son or brother at the will of the society, and after this proof of courage the candidate is dubbed Frattuzzi, and made a full member of the craft. If this had been embodied in a "Dime Novel," as an incident of Black Hills life, plenty of overwise critics would have said: "How preposterous!"

A LOVE STORY FOR TWO.

The most remarkable love-story of the summer is told by the *Port Jervis Union*. Four years ago a gentleman of twenty-three won the heart of a lady of nineteen. She was the daughter of a pious parent, and although she was not connected with any church, looked with a feeling akin to horror on anything approaching skepticism. But the time came when she learned that her lover was a deist; that he had no veneration for the Bible, and took no interest in churches. She was deeply pained by the revelation. She sent for her lover and endeavored to convince him of his error, but he was not satisfied with her arguments. She finally wrote to him a tear-stained letter bidding him good-by forever. The lady mourned, but tried to satisfy herself that she had acted correctly. Two years made her more liberal than she had been. The more she read the more she distrusted her former decision, and she finally became quite as liberal as the lover she had discarded. The lover, too, had undergone a change. Last winter a revival of religion took place in the city in which he was engaged in business. Suffice it to say that he united with the church, and in a short time became a zealous member. He thought over the action of his former sweetheart in discarding him for his infidelity, and wrote her a brief note asking the privilege of once more calling

on her. When she timidly apologized for her previous dismissal of him, he, to her surprise, defended her conduct, said she had been in the right, and in her place he would do the same. Her heart sunk at these words. She confessed the great change in her sentiments; from being a firm believer in the Bible she had discarded it, and with it her belief in any revealed religion. He pleaded with her, urged everything he could think of to induce her to change her mind. She could not, and told him so. He felt that he must not be yoked with an unbeliever, and gave her up.

POPULATION AND LONGEVITY.

The gist of the matter is given by Dr. Parr, in the following words: "The nearer people live to each other the shorter their lives are," and the relations of this proximity to the duration of life are ascertained to be as follows: "In round numbers, where we stand on an average 400 feet off from each other, we live, on an average, 50 years; where we are 300 feet off, we live 40 years; where we come within 50 feet of each other, we live but 30 years, and where we are but 20 feet off, we live but 25 years. It does not seem likely that by extending our intercourse beyond the 400 feet we could prolong the average life beyond fifty years; but it is very clear that if we contract the intercourse beyond the limit of 20 feet, we must rapidly reduce the mean of 25 years to 20, to 15, to 10, and before long, so to speak, to nothing. That is to say, there is a certain population-density, with which, in the ordinary circumstances attending such condition, human life could not be sustained at all; and from this a melancholy progression, obeying, of course, a reconductible but intelligible mathematical law, whereby we may measure off in a moment, according to the number of lives per acre, the number of years of life."

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## A WALK IN SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

In pensive meditation I alone  
Walk by this rivulet's course.  
By far I'd rather walk than ride, I own,  
—Besides I have no horse.

The lovely flowers are springing 'neath my feet,  
And very well they may,  
'Most anything that hears these footfalls beat  
Would try to spring away.

The airy breeze meandering around  
Upon my brow blows cool,  
With tea-ent that of straw that brow is crowned  
Like those boys wear to school.

The summer sun lets go and falls quite hard.  
I wonder if it broke?  
The birds they pipe their lays for my reward  
And I—well, I pipe smoke.

I've left the city with its hated streets,  
Its sorrows and regrets,  
I've left the busy throng of men one meets,  
The want, and, (hem!) the debts!

And here along this silvan brook I wend,  
Free, being charged no toll,  
For if I was I haven't got a cent  
To save my earthly soul.

All Nature seems alive. Nature to man  
Her shoulder never shrugs,  
There are a thousand voices in my ear—  
Besides a couple of bugs.

I watch the little fishes in the creek  
And back and forth they flit.  
My heart aches for them till it's nigh to break  
Poor things! they must be wet!

I'd like to take a few in just to dry—  
My feelings are so tender,  
But the only pin for hook that I have by  
Is fixed to my suspender.

The air is regal with the odorous scent  
Of flowers by the marge,  
And so to-day with my nose I'm content—  
Although it's rather large.

This is a day to make the heart expand—  
My rest is rather tight,  
And loveliness I see on either hand,  
With dirt, they're far from white.

On this, my only bank, I now recline,  
And go to sleep, my friend,  
Where every reader of this rhymed line  
No doubt already is.

## The Condor-Killers;

OR,

## WILD ADVENTURES AT THE EQUATOR.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH,  
AUTHOR OF "SNOW-SHOE TOM," ETC.

VIII.

## TOGETHER AGAIN—A BREAKFAST INTERRUPTED.

NICHOLAS stood drenched and unarmed on the bank of the Amazon. Before him the stream, now covered with the broken branches of palm and not a few beautiful large flowers, that told in mute language of the passage of the porpoise on the preceding night, moved as sluggish as of yore, and behind him stretched a forest deep, dark and full of death. It was from its depths that the cry of the puma had come.

As yet, Nicholas knew nothing of the fate of his companions, Elgardo and Jack. Fortunately, perhaps, they had not conveyed all their things to the floating island; the Peruvian boy had made a cache somewhere in the forest, in which three rifles and a good supply of ammunition had been placed; but alone, and with landmarks erased by the terrible storm, Nicholas knew that he would never be able to find the spot. But he did not despair.

The cry of the puma grew more frequent and distinct, and the solitary boy at last caught sight of a grayish body moving through the debris of trees and plants that littered the aisles of the forest. With a river before him and a puma behind, the young adventurer was placed in a very annoying position. But he prepared to meet the latter.

Seizing a heavy branch that lay almost at his very feet, Nick turned squarely upon the "false deer," and braced himself for the combat.

"Not as long as I can fight will I give up!" he said, defiantly. "Come on, my good *sassaravara*, and we will fight for the championship of the Amazonian valley."

At this juncture the wily animal chanced to see the antagonist waiting calmly for him cudgeled in hand, and he crouched to the ground. He was now not more than thirty yards from Nicholas, who had made up his mind that the animal was in a proper condition to attack man. As he looked he saw that the beast was gliding along on his belly, after the manner of its species, with its eyes fixed intently upon him.

"I'll give you the best I've got!" said the boy, anxious for the battle, inevitable as he thought, to be on. "Come on, and let us finish this matter."

As if endowed with understanding, the puma gave a light spring forward and landed on the ground almost within reach of the boy's stout cudgel. Nicholas raised the club; but involuntarily started back. The animal was crouching at his feet as it was, but the eyes were not so fierce as the orbs of the enraged puma; on the contrary, Nicholas fancied that they gleamed with the light of recognition, and this fancy was confirmed by the movements of the puma's tail.

"By my life! the beast is wearing a collar!" suddenly cried the boy, spying a collar resembling tanned vicuña hide about the puma's neck. "The animal is not in its wild state; but has been an Indian's pet. Come here, my fellow. Alboso had a pet puma."

At mention of the mad condor-killer's name, the puma bounded forward, and with a low whine crouched at Nick's feet.

"Pava! Pava!" cried the boy, with rising joy, and the animal rose on its hind feet, uttering whines of delight.

"Where is your master?" asked Nicholas, stroking the beautiful hide of the beast, which could be none other than Alboso's companion. But the puma continued to manifest his pleasure in meeting the boy, and our young readers may imagine the thankfulness that pervaded the youth's breast, for the bloodless termination of his encounter with the animal.

"Now," thought he, "if I could but find Elgardo and Jack, how happy I should be again!" How happy! for to be alone in an Amazonian forest is one of the most unpleasant situations in which a man can well find himself.

But fortune was about to grant Nicholas another favor, for while he yet stroked the puma's hide, he heard a loud shout, and turning saw Elgardo and Jack. For a moment the youth could scarcely credit the evidence of sight; but he bounded forward and was soon in the arms of his companions.

They had been carried down the stream on a portion of the island which had been broken into fragments by the violence of the storm, and considered their escape one of great moment.

Elgardo was startled by the appearance of Alboso's puma in that spot; but saying that the condor-killer could not be far off, he announced himself ready to hunt for the cache. But the finding of the desired spot was no easy task for the young guide, for, as we have already mentioned, the storm had rendered the forest a perfect wilderness of broken branches and detached sips. The Peruvian boy, however, found a few of his landmarks, and at last, to the joy of the two boys, the lost cache was discovered. Not only found, but Elgardo announced that it had not been disturbed—not even by the prying and pillaging monkeys—and once more the trio grasped good guns.

"Breakfast first!" said Elgardo; but the two boys looked at him in surprise.

Breakfast when the forest was still for not even a macaw was to be seen. But Elgardo smiled at their look, and mysteriously said that a good breakfast was not far off.

Bidding the boys gather a quantity of dry

sticks, the young guide plunged into the woods, and the report of his gun was soon heard. Not long afterward he was seen returning with a queer animal thrown over his shoulders, and, to the boys' surprise, he cast at their feet not a young deer, but a small, ill-shaped, black-faced monkey. Elgardo hastily said that his prey was the macaco harrigudo monkey, the largest one in America; and that its flesh was considered a delicacy by the natives. At first Jack and Nicholas were averse to tasting the meat of the creature; but when the guide with his salams offered them a nicely-roasted hunk, their ravenous appetites carried the day, and their aversion vanished.

Pava, the puma, fell to with keen relish on the part assigned to him by Elgardo, and the meal was progressing with satisfaction when the guide looked up and then sprung erect.

"Another storm!" cried Nicholas.

"Yes; but not the poro-roca!" answered Elgardo. "Listen, *el tapir*!"

Silence on the trio's part was not necessary to enable them to hear the noise that was approaching from the north. It seemed as if a squadron of cavalry was charging through the forest.

At once rifles were lifted, and the adventurers prepared to receive the new foe.

"*El tapir* is not very dangerous," Elgardo said. "But if you do not get out of his way, he will run over you—that's all. When he is running with *el tapir* on his back, he is furious. *Sassaravara*! here they come!"

Sure enough, the makers of the confusion that filled the forest had hove in sight. It was a herd of tapirs—fifty or more—plunging along in the awkward gallop peculiar to that animal. "They are coming straight at us!" cried Jack.

"No!" answered Elgardo, who had been watching the movements of the animals from the first. "They have turned aside a little: look, *señor*, *el tapir*!"

Clinging to the thick neck of one of the foremost tapirs, with his teeth and claws buried in the rhinoceros-hide, was the largest specimen of the jaguar ever seen in the woods of South America.

The cause of the tapirs' flight or stampede was now apparent. The watchful jaguar had darted upon the leader of the herd from his station in a tree, and they were rushing for the river beneath whose waters they would dive, and rid themselves of the striped enemy.

With heads bent low and eyes full of fire, the tapirs rushed on.

"I'll treat *el tapir* to a shot, and, if I can, do *el tapir* a service!" said Nicholas, calmly lifting his weapon, and waiting till the herd came within gun-shot.

"May the Virgin guide your bullet, *señor*!" ejaculated Elgardo.

The plunging herd which at first threatened to run the three young hunters down, was now passing to their left on their road to the river. They were within easy gun-shot; but the motions of the animal that carried the jaguar were such as to render Nick's shot very uncertain. But the boy took a steady aim, and when he thought he had caught "the bead," touched the trigger.

A cry from Elgardo announced that the shot had told, and the boy-marksman with flushed face saw *el tapir* fall from the neck of his chosen victim! Down among the plunging pachyderms he went, and disappeared; but only for a moment.

When the tapirs passed on our friends saw the terror of the Amazonian forest lying still on the ground, crushed by the feet of the frightened herd. When the trio reached his side they found him dead; the true aim of the boy Nimrod had sent the bullet through his heart!

"Bravo, Nicholas!" shouted Jack, patting his young friend on the back. "My first condor and your first tiger will never be forgotten. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said Elgardo, with a smile. "*El tapir* has taken to the water!"

But the boys looked, and saw the herd plunge beneath the waves of the Amazon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 484.)

## Through Fire and Water.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

A LONG stretch of yellow sand—the white surf, picturesque with bathers—the smiling sea—deep, blue sky, with its fleecy cloud-ships!

Stretched at full length on the sand, beneath the shade of an umbrella, is the figure of a man remarkable for symmetry and strength. His features are of delicate, patrician mold, his eyes clear and commanding.

"Al," remarks the friend sitting beside him, "have you given in your allegiance to La Grande yet?"

"No," replies the other, in a deep, rich voice. "You painters are a self-complacent set," affirms Joe Vesey, with a touch of impudence.

"Confound you! the biggest lion of you all is only a sort of hand-organ attachment—without disparagement to present company!"

"Just so!" assents Al Westernman. "Pray don't apologize. Our rear is like the *loosestrum* that attracts the small boys to the show."

"Exactly. Well, La Grande has a new attraction this season, and she'll be sure to hunt you up, that don't deserve it. Now, if I didn't push my way, I might stand in the background forever!"

"And what is to be seen 'upon the inside'?" asked Al, affecting the *patois* of a showman.

"A modern Juno, as proud as her ancient prototype. To her, hearts are but eggshells."

"No doubt. How beautiful!"

But the remark was cut short by a shout, followed by the screams of fainting women and moans of terror from others who retained their consciousness. And the scene of merriment was suddenly transformed into a spectacle of wildest confusion and dismay.

On the sea a wild-eyed man was swimming toward the shore as if for dear life. White lips said that the woman he had been floating had gone down.

The occupants of the life-boats, at some little distance, were beating the water with their oars, and shouting at the top of their lungs.

In an instant Al Westernman was on his feet. He learned that the appearance of a shark had occasioned all this dismay, and that out there over the water a woman was deserted by her companion and left to drown.

Boots and coat were off in a twinkling. Then a man with flying hair was seen to rush down the beach and plunge into the surf.

A momentary submersion, and he appeared, swimming with might and main, his head high out of the water, his eyes flashing.

Without a glance he passed the craven, and swam on until he held a limp form in his arms. Then he turned and battled for the shore.

One hero makes many; and men who had fled before, now waded to their necks in the sea, to meet the bold swimmer, and relieve him of his burden.

But he declined their proffered assistance, saying though staggered with exhaustion, bore up the beach to a bathing-house the woman he had saved.

After one glance at that perfectly molded and now marble-like face, he jealously guarded her from any hands but his own.

The frightened bathers gathered around him, and followed him, and he heard a voice say:

"It is Miss Atherton, Mrs. La Grande's *protégée*!"

Standing there in the moonlight with her woman's drapery falling about her in graceful folds, she was very Juno-like in height and symmetry of stature, and in queen-like carriage. But there was a look of exquisite distress in the white face which she shaded with her fan, and a suspicion of tears in her eyes that ill-comported with the haughty character of the goddess.

Al Westernman stood with clenched hands, white lips, and pained frown.

"Miss Atherton," he was saying, in icy tones, "my mistake is that of the sculptor who loved a bit of beautifully-fashioned marble. I thought you had a heart! you have effectively dispelled the delusion. Good-evening!"

He turned on his heel and left her with a firm, uncompromising tread, that Mars might have envied.

And then, without a murmur, this Juno sunk swooning to the ground!

It was half an hour before she came to, of her own accord, and crept into the house.

It was the old story—he was a poor painter, and she had been true to the teachings of that society of which her aunt, La Grande, was a dazzling representative.

"Fire! fire! fire! fire!"

The cry rung through the crowded hotel. Then dense clouds of acrid smoke filled all the avenues of escape, enveloping the mass of struggling human beings converting those once peaceful corridors into a pandemonium, where death flapped his ebony wings and terror froze the blood with his awful cries.

The jostling crowd in the street stared helplessly at an inaccessible window which framed a vision as beautiful as a poet's dream. And stretching forth her hands, the woman gazed in agonized appeal to her fellow-creatures who were powerless to do aught but pity.

Then up the stairway, where the red tongues of flame lapped the rail which his hand grasped, sped a man who threw his life in the balance, taking no thought of self.

A few shouted directions—a few rapid movements—and he held her in his arms with a wet towel wrapped about her head, and said to her, now sinking upon his knees, struggling up again, staggering, reeling, to fall on his face on the pavement, only after he had reached the pure air and safety.

"Thank you, but the man—"

"He will be hideously scarred for life, and his right hand will never wield the brush again!"

So said rumor.

Grace Atherton went to him in his darkened room, and on her knees beside his couch, with tears streaming from her eyes, said:

"Dear Albert, once you asked me for my love; and though my heart was bursting with love for you, my pride crushed it. Now my heart humbles my pride, and I come to sue for your love and forgiveness!"

Need we record his answer?

Rumor, as it often does, had exaggerated Al Westernman's hurts. He was not scarred for life; neither did his right hand forget its cunning; and to-day those who had rescued him from other thrash fire and water make as handsome a couple as one need wish to see.

## Capt. Kidd's Treasure;

OR,

## THE GUEST'S DREAM.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

"THERE'S a guest for you to entertain, there in the sittin'-room, Maria, and you'll do your best for supper, for we're both uncommon hungry," said Mrs. Granger, bustling into the kitchen, where Mrs. Granger, a buxom little rosy-cheeked matron, was preparing the evening meal, "a real spruced-up chap, too, whom I met at the bank. Money? why, molcan, he's got a wallet full of bills, and said he'd pay for a couple of days' rest 'n' quiet in the country. Won't put you out, will it?"

"No, Seth, though I could have wished he'd not come until after Jennie had come home on her vacation."

"Oh, fudge! we can manage that all right. Jennie loves her parents too much to have eyes for a stranger. And, bless my soul, if here isn't the gal, now!" as a pretty young lady of eighteen, stylishly attired and graceful in every movement, entered the room. "Why, deary, when did you come down upon us?"

"I arrived this afternoon, and mamma and I had arranged to give you a surprise, but I couldn't keep out of sight," replied the blushing girl, as the big-hearted farmer gave her a resolute nod.

"No! no! I knowed it; when papa's around darter couldn't stay away. And now, gal, don't ye go and set your cap for the chap in 't'other room, for we don't know much about him, except that he's a powerful rich man."

"For us to care for his likes, 'cept to treat him to the best in the house while he stays," and with this injunction the good farmer bustled out of the house to stable his fat sleek bays and do the chores, leaving Jennie to assist Mrs. Granger in the evening meal.

"Course little extras and dainties had to be added to the farmer's table that night, in honor of Jennie's visit, and the presence of a wealthy stranger."

Jennie was the only child of the Grangers, and having finished a liberal education, was assistant in the high school of a neighboring city, from which she now was to take her first vacation in a visit to the good old farm, which was very dear to her as a cheerful home.

Her father, a fine, strong, and powerful man, endowed with Nature's gift of personal beauty, and also as pure and beautiful in heart and principles as she was in person. And they were not few that recognized Jennie's gifts and womanly worth, in consequence of which she had many suitors even among the upper class of B—, but owing to her love for her parents, and the dear old homestead, she was still heart-free, and the nicest little girl in a county of towns, as Farmer Granger secretly commented, as he reiterated the old proverb from the barn, and saw her graceful form flitting around.

"Purty? Bless me, there's not a farmer along the valley as kin beat her; an' then she's got her brain, too, with plenty of education to back it, if I do say so. Here, Maria, can't ye stow this away in some safe nook 'til the mornin'?" and the farmer handed his wife a little tin safe, ornamented with a tiny padlock.

"What! didn't you put it in the bank, Seth?" Mrs. Granger exclaimed, nervously.

"No, I got her money for the farm, but didn't git to the bank soon enough to deposit it, afore they closed up for the day. Tomorrow'll do just as well."

"I know, Seth, but three thousand dollars is a great sum to keep in the house over night, and—"

"Sh! don't speak so loud. I guess it will be all right, though I do wish I'd got the pesky stuff in the bank. The guest in 't'other room is above suspicion, however—a clear gentleman!"

And so Mr. Granger appeared, when the whole family of Grangers made him welcome. He was well educated, refined, and polite.

Was a New York broker, he stated, who, wearied of business and its accompanying torments, had fled for a few days to the country to recruit. And if his gentlemanly ways and handsome blonde-mustached face won favor in the eyes of the good farmer and his wife, they kindled the heart of Jennie—sweet, modest little maid, to positive admiration. Of all men, Mr. Ardmore was just the one for her, she thought.

And evidently Mr. Ardmore took more than usual interest in the little beauty, for he lengthened his stay at the cosy farm-house into the week of October, bathed in the river, and orchards and vineyards of lovely fruit.

While the farmer and his lovely loved one, and saw how matters were going—the mother anxious, but the genial, big-hearted farmer content to let things shape for themselves, for he said, often:

"There's no use of frettin', Maria; ye see our Jennie's clear gone on the feller, an' why shouldn't we be satisfied, when she's makin' a big match; for I write to cousin Barton, in New York, an' he says Mr. Ardmore is as rich as old Croesus, an' mighty popular, too."

"I know, Seth," Mrs. Granger would say, as she ceased coring apples, to gaze into the ruddy

depths of the birch-fire, "and maybe it's all right, but I'd rather Jennie'd took one o' our farmer boys here in the valley. They're more like our line."

"Fahw, woman! You're fifty year behind in yer notions! Et Ardmore's got the tin, he's the chap for Jennie. And if the gal succeeds in gittin' him, I'll make over to her that three thousand dollars I sold the old place for."

And so matters went on.

Janie and Gerald Ardmore were much together, and learning with eagerness the lesson of first love—at least Janie was, unconscious that she was taking the initial step to a broken heart.

While the glorious autumnal days sped by and waned, in daytime the lovers wandered in the forest and by the running stream; at the eventide they sat in the cheery farm-house with Farmer Granger and his wife, and passed the evening by telling stories, and partaking of beech and chestnuts, rosy-cheeked apples, and such cider as only the good farmer was so fortunate as to have.

And it all seemed like a dream, or a captivating romance to Janie, happy, innocent little girl.

Ardmore was a genial fellow, and had a large stock of quaint yarns and incidents to relate, all of which the farmer and his wife enjoyed, in their free and easy way.

"And by the way, Mr. Granger!" the guest said, as they sat one evening before the roaring fire, "you have a piece of wooded swamp, I see. How much will you take for it?"

"Eh! what will I take for it? Why, bless you, if you want to buy, I'll let you have it dog-cheap. Partly sold it, once before, and have the papers all drawn up. What'll you give?"

"I'll make you an offer of fifty dollars for it," replied Ardmore.

"And accept?" cried the farmer, delightedly. "It's a bargain."

And so it was, for the proper papers were drawn up and signed, and the farmer received a fifty-dollar note for his two acres of worthless swamp.

"And now," Mr. Ardmore said, "I'll tell you why I purchased the land, that you may be relieved of your curiosity. I have to return to the city to-morrow, and I wish to investigate before I go. You've no doubt heard of Captain Kidd's treasure—fabulous stories have been told of him, and I'm sure that he buried some treasure, but I never paid the least attention to such trash, until I came to stop with you, since when I have had many dreams that a portion of Kidd's treasure was secreted in a hollow tree in this identical swamp I have just purchased. The conviction has worked upon me, night and day, and I made up my mind to test the truth or falsity of the dream, by investing fifty dollars. As I have to depart to-morrow, we will go search early in the morning."

"It would greatly amuse me, the guest and whole Granger family—found a hollow tree in the swamp, and the farmer cut it down."

And the discovery came that the dream was true!

A bag of silver were found in the hollow stump, which on count yielded thirty-five hundred dollars in silver coin, all bright and tempting in appearance.

Of course Ardmore was overjoyed, and so were the Grangers.

"Built it up as a pity that the treasure was not in paper!" the New York broker said, in seeming perplexity. "I could take it to the city with me, and put it in the bank."

"Now see here!" Farmer Granger said, opening his big heart; "I think I see a way out of this. I've got three thousand in the B— bank, an' I can let ye have it, and keep the wuth of it in silver. I allus did like hard money, an' then I can pay it out on a new farm I'm about purchasin'!"

"And you would greatly accommodate me," Ardmore said, "and when I come back to claim your inestimable daughter, here, this treasure of Kidd's shall go into Mrs. Jennie's hands for pin-money!"

And so it was arranged. There was a fearful peening for a few short weeks, between Janie and her lover, that morning, and then Ardmore and Farmer Granger drove over to B—.

Here the handsome broker received three thousand in greenbacks in exchange for the Kidd treasure, and giving the honest farmer a cordial hand-shake stepped aboard the cars and was sped away—where to?

A corps of competent detectives are just now agitating this question, but without success, for a certain notable shaver of the "quest" is saying low; while in the Granger farm-house the good farmer sits and "stomps" over his ill-luck; but even his loss is not half so painful as Janie's—poor Jennie, whose "love's young dream" has come to such a strange ending.

For know ye, reader kind, that the Kidd treasure was all counterfeit coin, not worth above its weight as lead!

## A Texan Mine.

BY BERT L. THOMPSON.

I HAD bought a deserted cattle ranch in North Texas, and finding little to do, from other business, went there to inspect my purchase. It had been an unlucky place to its previous owners, but I felt it something pleasant to know myself possessor of a sweep of rolling prairie-land which extended for miles, and the freedom and vigor of the open-air life had irresistible charms for me.

"I never was half a man before," I said, enthusiastically to Hans, my stolid German assistant. "I wouldn't give up the ranch to-day for twice what I gave for it."

"He settles not for you?" grunted Hans.

"He? Who? Oh, it—the place, you mean, for I was sometimes misled by his mixture of pronouns. How do you expect such a thing as that to happen?"

He was some coaxing to make the reticent fellow speak out his mind, but it was evident that he had a superstitious feeling on the point. The ranch had a bad name, I learned at last. It began when one Quattrell had owned it, and secured the country around with a set of hard associates one of whom in a falling out with his host, had knifed him on his own ground. And of the three men who had succeeded him, every one had met with a violent death inside of the boundary line. It was evident that Hans looked upon me as a doomed creature, he was shy of keeping too close company with me as the days went on; and so it frequently happened that we saw nothing of each other from the time we parted in the early morning until we met for the night—a state of affairs I had occasion both to regret and rejoice over as you will see.

One day found me alone in what we called the north tract, chasing a scattered score or so of cattle which bore my brand but had proved themselves too wild to be gathered into the general drove. I believe Hans was of the opinion that they were bewitched. Two yearling calves from their midst had disappeared unaccountably from the corral where a part of the herd had been imprisoned, in such a manner that he was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was uneventful. I brought him about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a crash to the bottom of one of those pits or manholes which are common in the section. These are generally recognized as deserted mines, though by whom commenced or for what purpose in a region where the precious metals are certainly unknown, has never received a satisfactory explanation. I was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was uneventful. I brought him about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a crash to the bottom of one of those pits or manholes which are common in the section. These are generally recognized as deserted mines, though by whom commenced or for what purpose in a region where the precious metals are certainly unknown, has never received a satisfactory explanation. I was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was uneventful. I brought him about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a crash to the bottom of one of those pits or manholes which are common in the section. These are generally recognized as deserted mines, though by whom commenced or for what purpose in a region where the precious metals are certainly unknown, has never received a satisfactory explanation. I was momentarily stunned by my fall. The day, however, was uneventful. I brought him about with a hard hand and essayed to dash forward, only to find myself pitched headforemost from the saddle, and falling through an unknown depth with a